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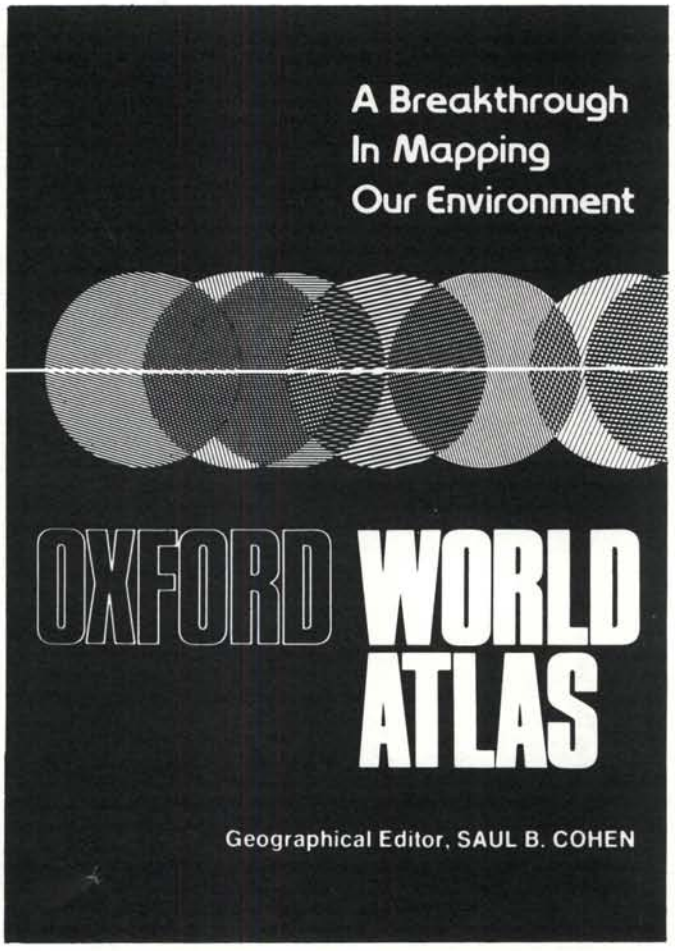

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This Giant Protected You for 50 Years. Now, Get to Know Him – for the First Time

J. Edgar Hoover is the first objective biography about the man whose name is synonymous with the FBI. Generally sympathetic but not uncritical, veteran newsman Ralph de Toledano unveils Hoover's life from birth to death, showing how he took a corrupt political instrument and made it into the greatest investigative organization in the world – and, in his last years, allowed some rigidity to creep in.

Because Hoover's life was the FBI and because the FBI reflected his spirit and character, this book deals extensively with the Bureau. Toledano recreates the early years of the FBI; Hoover's relations with Attorneys General and Presidents; the crime years when G-man became a household word; how Hoover was plunged into the investigation of Communism by FDR; his remarkable record against Nazi espionage; his frustration when his bosses refused to let him break up a Soviet atomic-spy ring.

Toledano examines in fascinating detail the FBI's role in the Hiss case; Hoover's role in the Brownell-Truman confrontation over Harry Dexter White; Hoover's record on civil rights and loyalty-security investigations; his stormy relations with Bobby Kennedy and Ramsey Clark; and the Martin Luther King episode. Toledano's critical eye also focuses on the final years, and how Hoover responded to the crescendo of attack.

Observations by insiders add spice to this account of Hoover's life. There are surprises, too. Toledano contends that Hoover's "most rewarding and most relaxed period was during the administrations of President Roosevelt." The Kennedy regime was another matter: "From the very start, Robert Kennedy had made it clear that he considered the FBI a kind of private police for the Administration and Hoover a kind of desk sergeant to carry out orders." Indeed, "Temperamentally, there could be no rapport between Bobby Kennedy and Edgar Hoover." Mr. Toledano gives us the inside story of their struggles.

"John Edgar Hoover did not wear golden shoes," records Toledano. "He was sometimes wrong, sometimes right. But he loved America, he believed in America, and he fought for America. For most Americans, that was enough."

In writing **J. Edgar Hoover,** Ralph de Toledano went to the obvious sources. But he also kept extensive notes of off-the-record conversations when the FBI was one of his beats as a *Newsweek* editor, and later as a Washington correspondent. Result: a great reporter brings alive one of the greatest Americans of our century — and, finally, does him justice.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

by

Ralph de Toledano

384 PAGES • EXTENSIVE INDEX

Intrigue, top-level politics and one man's dedication to America . . .

- The FBI vs. wartime spies. The mystery of the "little dots"
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- Bobby Kennedy's involvement with Marilyn Monroe. Why she killed herself. Hoover's disgust over JFK's amours ("Those sex things")
- FDR slaps Hoover on the back, remarks, "By God, Edgar, that's the first time you've been caught with your pants down!"
- The story behind the Martin Luther King phone tap. King's Red ties — and again, "those sexual things"
- FDR orders Hoover to begin surveillance of American Communists and Fascists. FDR's fear of a State Department leak. Ambassador Bullitt returns from Moscow with a list of Kremlin agents in Washington
- The famous friendship with Winchell, who names "the only girl Hoover really adores and sends gifts to." (She was a famous movie star)
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- Hoover's "10 Don't's" for fighting Communism
- Civil-liberties lawyer Morris Ernst springs to Hoover's defense
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- Hoover's critics, from Grand Kleagles to Fred Cook
- FBI does amazing detective work in the Chambers-Hiss trial — but fumbles the Judith Coplon case
- The Palmer raids: what was Hoover's role?
- FDR takes over. Louis Howe wants Hoover out. The two men who saved him
- The crime years. Machine-Gun Kelly coins a phrase
- The Lindbergh kidnapping
- Dillinger, and an FBI fiasco
- Hoover's own cases. Ma Barker's sidekick, Old Creepy Karpis, becomes "the Director's man." The one time Karpis had a perfect alibi
- Why Hoover had so many friends on Capitol Hill
- Lucille Ball has a baby. J. Edgar Hoover lets husband Desi Arnaz in on the news
- The two times in his life when Hoover was bilked. ("The Birdman of Alcatraz" was one of the culprits)
- Long before the Warren Court: stringent FBI rules governing arrests, safeguarding the rights of the accused
- J. Edgar taps Treasury Secretary Vinson's phone — but Vinson blames a rival
- The ugly rumors that Hoover was a homosexual
- Could the FBI have prevented President Kennedy's assassination?
- Those FBI files: who's in them?
- Hoover, Truman, Harry Dexter White — and a trail of red herrings
- Hoover ushers in a new school of crime detection. Key innovations
- "If he were as bad at catching criminals as he is at picking horses . . ."
- Early enemies: Pegler and the **New York Daily News**
- The unblemished record of the FBI and Intelligence forces in combatting Nazi espionage throughout the Western Hemisphere
- Fulton Lewis Jr. passes up a big story — for the sake of his country
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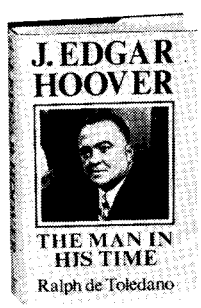
- Hoover's night-club years. Favorite haunts and people. Rumors of romance
- The stormy last years



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Letters

Making Mao Scrutable

It has been ages since I have read an article as fascinating as Charles J. V. Murphy's "Who Killed Lin Piao?" [June 8]. Talk about investigative reporting—Mr. Murphy could teach some of the youngsters what it is all about.

Detroit, Mich. THEODORE GRANOWSKI

Please won't someone send Charles J. V. Murphy to China so that we can find out what the situation really is there. I have read and read and read the reports from Ross Terrill on down, with fascination and horror, but no one has given me a clear picture of China today. It would take a reporter of Mr. Murphy's caliber to do the job that needs doing.

Greenfield, Mass. BARBARA LEE JONES

Those of us who, now just college-age, have become interested in world affairs quite recently should be particularly grateful for Charles Murphy's article. Not only does he hold the reader's attention as thoroughly as the best suspense novelist with his reconstruction of Lin Piao's death; he also supplies us with facts about Mao's China that most of us either never knew, or forgot amid the joys of detente.

Cambridge, Mass. BOB TILLIARD

There is one missing element in Charles Murphy's reconstruction of the events leading up to the death of Lin Piao. Mr. Murphy writes with such authority and style that he brought me along with him, but after putting down the article I found myself asking where he had gotten his material. Could it all have come from the Hong Kong China-watchers? If it did, why hasn't someone else stitched it together? Or is it that through the years Mr. Murphy has established the kind of contacts within and without government that made this kind of story possible? I would expect the latter from what you tell me of Mr. Murphy's background.

Wichita, Kans. HUGH BENTLEY

Nazis: Right or Left?

It is less than two years since Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn made his astonishing observation in NATIONAL REVIEW on what he was pleased to call the "Westernization" of the Jews by virtue of their exposure to their more-or-less heirs, the Christians—an observation as antihistorical as it was offensive, and backed by no supporting evidence or even citation. Now, Herr Kuehnelt-Leddihn slaps history's face again: twice—and again without a shred of evidence ["European Anti-Americanism," March 30].

The first offense: ". . . rightist prejudices and leftist complexes, the latter being divided into Nazi and Marxist ones." Quite accurately, the Nazis called themselves rightists, and the German Right embraced them in full *Blutbrüderschaft*. Their crimes against humanity did not disqualify them for the Right any more than for the Left: But their goals, their philosophy, and their methods categorized them unequivocally as rightists.

Herr Kuehnelt-Leddihn also says that "conservatives, . . . after all, were the most ardent and courageous opponents of the Nazis." The truth is that *some* conservatives—Moltke, Stauffenberg, Schulenburg—were *among* the most ardent and courageous opponents of the Nazis; so too were *some* Catholic Centrists, *some* Social Democrats, *some* Left Socialists, *some* Communists, *some* non-party men and women *among* the most ardent and courageous opponents of the Nazis. But your correspondent does not mention any names at all. Whom does he mean? Bechstein? Hanfstängl? Grimm? Junger? Schleicher? Papen? Groener? Seeckt? young Hindenburg? Ludendorff? Kapp? Flick? Kiesinger? Erhard? Thyssen (in the early years)? Krupp (after 1930)? Schacht? Schroeder? Without the overwhelming majority of conservatives (and of apathetics) the Nazis, like the Fascists in Italy and the Falangists in Spain, could never have gained or held power. Herr Kuehnelt-Leddihn ought to read *Die Deutsche Diktatur*, by Karl Dietrich Bracher of the University of Bonn, which makes the point that those same conservatives survived to become the Christian Democratic (in Bavaria, the Christian Social) Union. And one can still hear far too many Germans of all ages and classes crying wistfully: *"Ach wenn nur wir wieder unser Hitler hätten!"* For a while many of them, especially the young and the new officer candidates, voted for the

(Continues on page 662)

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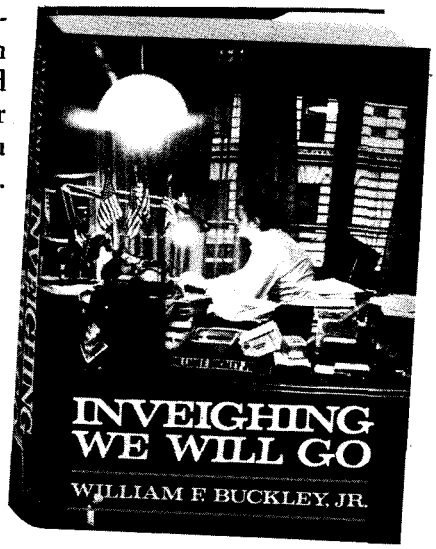
Don't miss this unique opportunity to order this sparkling collection of Bill Buckley's most recent writings by taking advantage of this special savings offer immediately. (The book is now in its 3rd big printing!) Please act now!

"Inveighing We Will Go" is an exciting and provocative literary excursion with Wm. F. Buckley Jr. Practically everything is covered in this book, from the hard facts behind the spectacle of Nixon's Red China trip to the problems of the *Cosmopolitan* girl. Buckley the writer scores a stunning *tour de force* with "Inveighing We Will Go." You will want to add this remarkable new book to your personal collection. Read all about about it below.



by Lucille M. Guardala

You simply won't be able to find a more absorbing or fascinating book this season than "Inveighing We Will Go." It is really the perfect book for Buckley fans young and old alike, because there is something of interest for everyone! The book is a veritable "best of Buckley"—it is amazing how one person can write with such knowledge and authority on so many subjects. "Inveighing We Will Go" has to be the best example of the famous Buckley style to date.

Imagine, if you can, a book that deals with the lurking horrors of Communist societies, that peels away the veneer of the media's simplicities to expose the real factors at work behind politician's pronouncements, and yet finds the time to muse on the Anniversary of Beethoven's birth. And all under one cover!

A New Approach

But there are other surprises in store for Buckley fans in this book. Bill Buckley himself in the book's introduction says: "In other collections I think there was a little more anfractuosity than in this one, in which here and there I blurt forth more plain-spokenly on some of the concrete problems of the day . . . things like pollution, conscription, ecology, social welfare and even Women's Lib." And that's only the beginning! You'll find plenty of stimulating writing, straightforward and baroque (in the very best Buckley style) on: Ireland, India, the whole Red China affair, Israel, Railroad Reform, Busing, Price Controls, Inflation, Communism in Chile, Revenue-Sharing, Labor Unions, the Pentagon Papers, the New York *Times*, Helen Gurley Brown's *Cosmopolitan*, the end of the War, and much more.

The subjects covered are many and varied, true, but it's what Bill Buckley has to say about each subject that is so different. In these days of T.V. news coverage, we get so used to the surface reality of news events, that we often tend to lose the real meaning of the event and its implications on our lives. Buckley reminds us, lest we get carried away by Presidential toasts in Peking, that for all the droves of docile and industrious Chinese, Mao had executed hundreds of thousands . . . for all the surface ambience and prosperity of today's Yugoslavia, Tito initially eliminated all his opposition.

What He Says

The book begins with the full text of Bill Buckley's famous *Playboy* interview. The interview is vintage Buckley (he gets the better of *Playboy* on numerous occasions), witty—really a classic, but it is also a fine summation of his views on a host of subjects. And don't miss the sections on Politics, the Education of the Kids, the Church or the Personals about Edgar Smith, Clare Boothe Luce, Tom Wolfe, or his brother, Sen. James Buckley.

Naturally, one of the unusual features of any Buckley book is the great wealth of pithy, quotable quotes to use in your own discussions. Well, "Inveighing We Will Go" is no disappointment in this area. Here are some examples:

"Sometimes I feel that John Lindsay is much more useful as a failure, than ever he would have been as a success. In that not insignificant sense, we are indebted to him."

"The fact is, the kind of confidence in America and American institutions that made Woodrow Wilson the idol of an epoch in twentieth-century, liberal American history is, well, dissipated."

"China seems to have killed or otherwise disposed of the incremental objector, so as to have achieved the society of the perfectly misled."

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXV No. 25 JUNE 22, 1973

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

We go to press at five P.M. on Wednesdays. The magazine is printed on Thursday and mailed on Friday morning. It is supposed to travel as fast as first-class mail, since we have the newspaper permit. In fact it doesn't travel that fast (that slowly?), so that anywhere from three days to seven days go by before the issue reaches all its readers. Accordingly there is no coverage this week of the Watergate hearings that resumed the day we went to press. . . . **Taki Theodoracopulos** floats about Europe and picks up Watergate reactions from a more jaded civilization than our own, a commentary he climaxes with the observation from an old hand that if it could be proved that Nixon *didn't* know about Watergate, he should be impeached.

We examine in this issue the new Garry Wills. Mr. Wills, our cherished friend and a contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW from the early days, turned left, abruptly and, alas, somewhat raucously. The shock could only be compared to finding Billy Graham in the centerfold of *Cosmopolitan* Magazine. **M. J. Sobran Jr.** is as attracted to Wills's intelligence and eloquence as the editors have been, and writes searchingly and wittily about the most prominent Displaced Person in the world of political letters of the late Sixties. Joe Sobran, a graduate of Eastern Michigan University (class of 1969), did graduate work until joining *NR* last fall.

"Frederick Wiggins" is an inmate at Attica, and came late by the McKay Report, which he greatly disdains. He writes pseudonymously for the obvious reason that an inmate who publicly challenges the purity of the revolutionist-inmates is imperiled.

Robert Nisbet leads off the book section, and we would say about the author of *The Quest for Community* that he is our favorite sociologist except that we are inhibited by the doctrine *inclusio unius, exclusio alterius.* —WFB

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The appointment of **Melvin Laird** to the White House staff, with Cabinet rank et al., is acknowledged as a major victory for conservative congressional leaders who have been urging White House for months to take step of this sort. And Laird, whose differences with **Kissinger** when he was in Defense caused tension, is now out of the way of foreign policy. . . . Chalk up another win for political strategist **F. Clifton White** in last week's victory by conservative Rep. **Charles Sandman** in New Jersey gubernatorial primary against incumbent Gov. **William Cahill**. White, chief consultant in Sandman's uphill race, also masterminded **Goldwater** nomination in 1964 and **James Buckley**'s winning senatorial campaign in '70. . . . **John Schmitz**, presidential candidate of the American Party in 1972, has been bitterly attacked by **Tom Anderson**, National Chairman of that party, for rejoining the GOP. He did it, says Anderson, "because he doesn't like being unemployed." I did it, says Schmitz, because "I see a golden opportunity now for conservatives in the GOP." . . . Maryland State Senator **Robert Bauman**, a former national chairman of YAF, is being pressed to announce for the congressional seat of Rep. **William Mills** who committed suicide a fortnight ago. . . . **YAF**, incidentally, is flourishing, now lists 98 congressmen on its board of advisers, the largest ever.

■ On Watergate: Sen. **Edmund Muskie**, asked in Japan about **Clark Clifford**'s suggestion that **Nixon** and **Agnew** resign in favor of a "government of national unity," took statesmanlike position. "There has been no rush in congressional circles to the idea of impeachment or resignation. . . . The political stability of the country and its leadership are important and not to be lightly disrupted." . . . **Sam Yorty** is blaming his defeat in Los Angeles mayoralty race in part on Watergate: "I think Watergate has permeated the whole political structure. It's making it harder for incumbents." . . . According to liberal columnist **Joseph Kraft** the only institution emerging from it smelling like a rose is J. Edgar Hoover's **FBI**. "Despite the powerful pull of presidential loyalty, the Bureau went out and won one for **J. Edgar Hoover**." . . . **Communist Party** solid in get-rid-of-Nixon movement: Its people have been gathering signatures on petitions calling for new elections, also passing out Impeach Nixon stickers.

Jones, *Montreal Star* Ben Roth Agency

"This will be the fifth since the Watergate hearings began . . ."

■ On the international front: A second Cambodian official journeyed to Paris secretly last week, presumably to discuss with representatives of exiled Prince **Norodom Sihanouk** a possible Cambodian ceasefire. In Pnompenh these movements are being tied to release of members of the royal family imprisoned after a recent attempt by Sihanouk's brother-in-law to bomb the royal palace. . . . When **Red China**'s envoy arrived in Washington he was met by only three foreign ambassadors: **Rumania** (Rumania is Peking's ideological sidekick in East Europe), **Pakistan** (Pakistan wants Red China's help against India), and puny **Mauretania** (which is having trouble with its neighbor, Algeria, a Mao client-state). . . . If you want instant divorce, **Sweden**'s the place. Parliament has ruled that couples with no children under 16 can be divorced immediately (those with children under 16 must wait repressive three months). . . . According to *Al Ahram*, the semi-official Cairo newspaper, Col. **Qaddafi**'s latest is to forbid Libyan men to marry Arab women from other countries (apparently the Libyan male has been finding Egypt's emancipated women more seductive than the veiled numbers back home). According to *Manchester Guardian*, there are 432 ways in which Qaddafi can be spelled in English—all correct (the *Guardian* has opted for Gadafy). . . . President **Mobutu Sese Soko** of Zaïre (formerly Belgian Congo) refused to ask for an audience with Pope Paul while in Rome recently, because of Church's "colonialist trappings."

■ Who turned up at **Antioch College** last week, none other than **Ellsberg** co-defendant **Anthony Russo**, to urge the students to go go go with the Impeach Nixon movement, and to inform them that "middle America is smelling the stench of Watergate." . . . With grand fanfare two new movie theaters opened in Greenville, South Carolina a fortnight ago, and advertised in their opening publicity that they would run "No **Jane Fonda** Films." . . . A judge in Alameda County has ruled that the **Berkeley City Council** was out of order when it passed ordinances restricting marijuana arrests because the ordinances were in "direct conflict" with state laws.

■ Consumer protection note from **Kuala Lumpur**: Malaysian authorities are cracking down on movie houses that display "Adults Only" signs on their marquees and then show films the authorities consider insufficiently porny to warrant the label.

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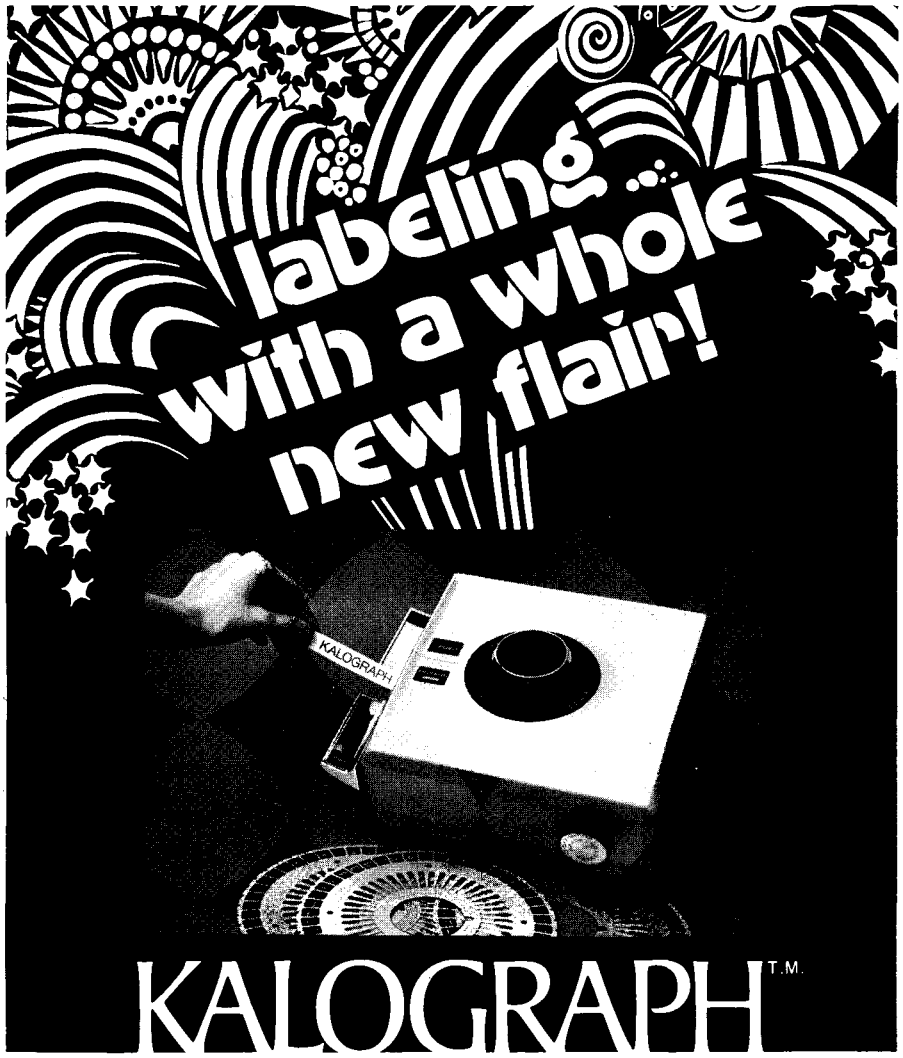

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6-73

LETTERS

(Continued from page 658)

Nationaldemokratische Partei Deutschlands, formed by old SA and SS men, until it crawled back into the cover of the CDU/CSU.

A growing proportion of your readers, one suspects, belongs to generations that did not see this history taking place. They are entitled to have the facts, undistorted and unsuppressed by *parti pris*. That they rarely get the facts in Germany and Austria is understandable, however deplorable. But in other countries there is not the same excuse.

New York, N.Y. CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

A Reply

Reading the letter of Mr. Markmann my first reaction was the old French proverb, "Truth alone offends." But Mr. Markmann is, above all, a victim of semantics: He does not quite realize the meaning of Left and Right and therefore he cannot quite distinguish the hatreds and animosities that divide mere competitors from those that divide real enemies. A shoe manufacturer is the *competitor* of another shoe manufacturer; the crank who preaches that one should go barefoot is their *enemy*.

What is Left? Leftism is materialistic and deterministic. Its keynote is sameness; its slogan is oneness: one race, one language, one class, one school, one income, one party, one ideology, one . . . one . . . one . . . The French, the Russian, and the German Revolutions—National Democracy, International Socialism, National Socialism—represent it most specifically. The rightist outlook is spiritual, freedom-loving, pluralistic. It is personalistic, while leftism is collectivistic; it stands for free enterprise while leftism is statist. It is not surprising that Hitler called Nazism a "German Democracy," that Goebbels saw in Nazism the "German version of the French Revolution," that Ribbentrop was delighted with what he saw in Moscow.

I personally knew and know dozens of German and Austrian rightists, many of whom like to be called conservatives. Some of them perished in concentration camps, others survived the ordeal. To be sure, besides the conservative martyrs of the Nazis there were Communists and a few Socialists. (Others were not martyrs. For example, Herr Loebe, the German Social Democratic leader, received a pension from Hitler because he had been active in abolishing the monarchy.) But the democratic liberals? They fled and then wrote "courageous" anti-Nazi novels in New York.

Mr. Markmann gives us a list of names. Was Schleicher, murdered by the Nazis, a Nazi? He mentions "Junger." I think that he means not Edgar Jung (murdered by the Nazis) but Ernst Jünger—who never was a Nazi. He was a bellicist

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rather than a militarist, and he had the enormous courage to write and publish *On the Marble Cliffs*, the great anti-Nazi book which was too sophisticated to be deciphered by the censors. Groener was hated by the Nazis. Mr. Markmann mentions Schacht, who certainly was neither a conservative nor a right-winger, and Ludendorff, who published a violently anti-Christian paper. Seeckt surely had nothing to do with the Nazis. Brüning, the man so hated by the Nazis, tried to restore the Hohenzollerns (for whom he had no particular enthusiasm) because he was convinced that this was the only way to forestall a Nazi victory-through-democratic-means. The Nazis knew who their competitors and who their enemies were. Their hymn, the "*Horst Wessel Lied*," said explicitly: "The Comrades shot by the Red-Front and Reaction/They march unseen in our very midst."

Did the Nazis like the Wittelsbachs? Did they like the Habsburgs? (Crown-Prince Rupprecht escaped by hiding in Florence. The Habsburgs fled to America.) Surely Dollfuss was a right-winger; he was murdered by the Nazis. Surely Schuschnigg was a right-winger; he spent the war years in concentration camps.

I have no reason to believe that Putzi Hanfstängl was either a rightist or a conservative. The Krupps never played a part in a conservative movement (nor were they convinced Nazis either). Whether the National Democratic Party of Germany is a "Nazi party" is difficult to say. Some ex-Nazis undoubtedly joined it. But the founder, Von Thadden, was never a Nazi: His aunt was beheaded by the Nazis and the family always had staunch anti-Nazi feelings.

Myself, I am not afraid of the Nazis but of the New Left—which has adopted a violently anti-Jewish, anti-Israeli stand. International Socialism proves after all to have a larger scope, and greater permanence, than National Socialism.

Lans, Tyrol ERIK V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Tango Is . . .

David Brudnoy wonders ["Love Is . . .," May 25] if *Last Tango in Paris* is porn or art, but other possibilities should be considered.

In Philadelphia, we are not as trendy as New York, and it is rumored that some of the citizenry were disappointed in the movie, thinking (from the title) that it was part of a Gene Kelly Film Festival. A local columnist, Rose DeWolfe, even pointed out that if *she* were to enter a presumably vacant apartment to find it occupied by a dirty old man, she wouldn't stick around to be raped.

Which brings up the possibility that *Tango* is, after all, nothing but a middle-aged male's sex fantasy. Put another way, *Last Tango* may be nothing more than a gentile *Portnoy's Complaint*, with Maria Schneider as the baseball glove.

Valley Forge, Pa. SHELDON M. SMITH

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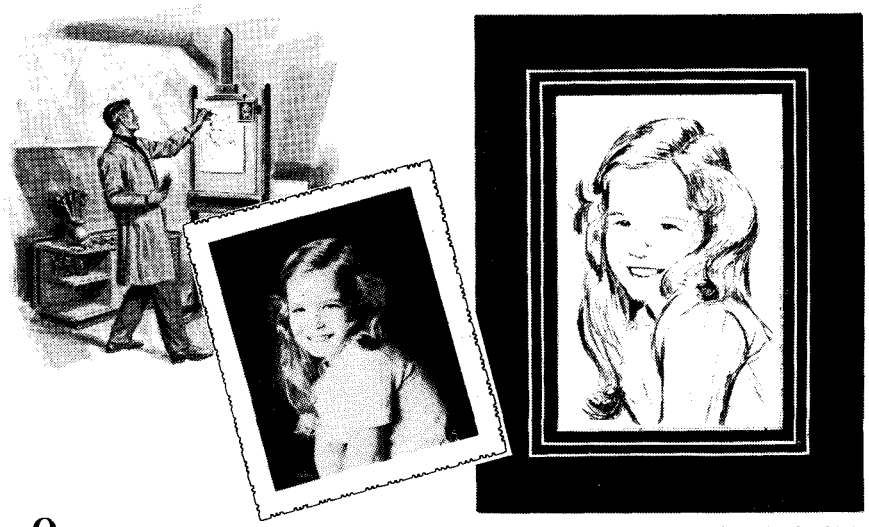

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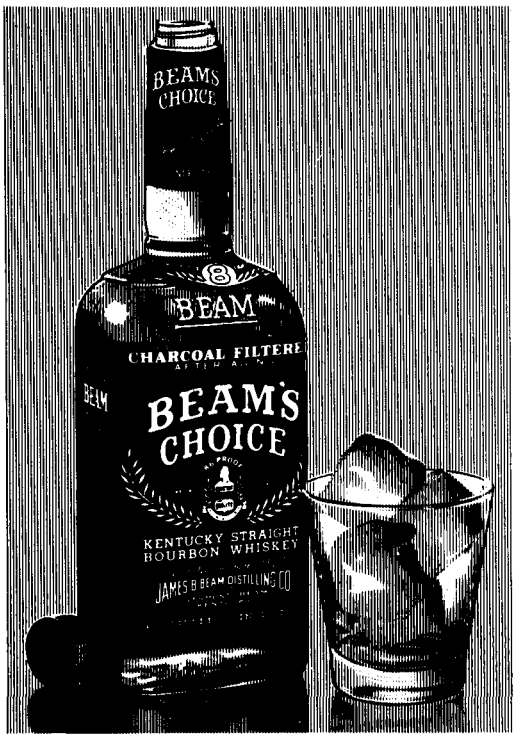

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THE WEEK

■ After strangling his wife, Mr. Murphy went voluntarily to the police station where the police, over his objections, scraped from under his fingernails just enough of Mrs. Murphy to secure his conviction. It was understandable, in the light of recent legal history, that Mr. Murphy should argue in his appeal that he had been the victim of "unreasonable search and seizure"; but it was also reassuring, in the light of selfsame history, that the Supreme Court should say him nay. Equally reassuring was the Court's ruling in favor of police in another case who, entering Mr. Mattlock's room by permission of a woman whom they naively supposed to be Mrs. Mattlock, discovered $5,000 Mr. Mattlock had unreasonably seized from a bank. The court rejected the defense argument that the police should have ascertained before entry whether the woman had in fact legal authority to grant them access. A third decision affirmed the right of radio and TV stations to refuse advertising for political campaigns and controversial public issues; a fourth, that accused criminals judged too ill mentally for trial could be confined to mental hospitals run by a state's corrections department only if deemed "dangerous" by a jury. None of these was a landmark decision, but all were eminently reasonable; for which, *Deo gratias.*

■ Health bills are the latest fad in Congress. Only Representative Phil Crane voted against one $1.27-billion House measure, the most significant feature of which is to continue the Hill-Burton aid to hospital construction. The trouble is, most areas already have surplus hospital beds, new outpatient provisions of insurance plans are making that surplus more and more acute, and Hill-Burton projects have often been constructed in communities where existing hospitals are chronically half-empty. Another House bill, passed 361 to 5, provides $415 million over two years for grants and fellowships for aspiring medical researchers. But the Bureau of Labor Statistics already projects a rapid increase in the number of life-science graduates without more federal grants, and "keen competition is expected for the more desirable positions." Congress might well rethink the whole idea of taking tax money from average citizens to finance an education that will guarantee the recipient an unusually comfortable income. According to Christopher Jencks, the liberal Harvard sociologist, "it would . . . be fairer to finance advanced education through long-term loans to those who attend college and graduate school than through taxes on those who do not attend."

■ Occidental Petroleum's multibillion-dollar fertilizer deal with the Soviet Union has been formally endorsed by the Nixon Administration. It could hardly have been otherwise, considering Occidental's impressive track record (see "Hammer and Sickle," May 11). Armand Hammer, Occidental's President, has been a master of the "mixed economy" (profits and politics) since the 1920s, when he accumulated a fortune in czarist art treasures by arranging U.S. help for Lenin's New Economic Policy. A few examples of how the game is played: Marvin Watson, a former Postmaster General, was named Executive Vice President of Occidental some years ago. Neil Jacoby, who served on the Pay Board, has been on Occidental's Board of Directors since 1959. More recently, the law firms of both John Connally and Sargent Shriver were retained by Occidental. Last year, former Senator Albert Gore became the chairman of an Occidental subsidiary and a director of Occidental "at an annual salary of not less than $100,000." As a populist senator from Tennessee, it will be recalled, Mr. Gore was fond of railing against stock options (he has a thousand shares of Occidental and an option on ten thousand more), depletion allowances, and large financial interests. "The oil and gas lobby," Gore wrote in 1965, "is, I believe, the most diabolical influence at work in the nation's capital." Did he have any particular oil and gas lobby in mind?

■ Mrs. Arthur Mearns, wife of one of 1,300 Americans still missing in action in North Vietnam, hasn't much hope of finding out what happened to her husband ("I don't hold out much hope anymore that he's alive . . . but I must know what happened to him. He couldn't just be wiped off the face of the earth without somebody knowing something"). And she hasn't much hope that the United States will press implementation of that section of the Paris agreement which covers the search for MIAs ("It might upset the applecart of aid to North Vietnam and the political settlement in South Vietnam"). The limbo of Major Mearns and his fellow MIAs parallels North Korea where, because U.S. search teams were refused entry, 8,144 men are still listed as missing in action. Hanoi won't cooperate either, and for good reason, says returned prisoner of war Col. Kenneth W. North. Last week, before the House Foreign Affairs Com-

Presidential Fever

The wolf attacks the wounded deer;
  Hyenas bide their time.
The vulture waits until it's clear
  The corpse is really prime.
Piranhas don't *pretend* to wait;
  A jackal hides till dark.
And judging what's on Percy's plate,
  He's copying the shark.

W. H. VON DREELE

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mittee, Col. North accused Hanoi of either killing Americans crippled by torture or letting them die rather than release them. "I don't believe they ever were going to release men with severe physical or mental problems that would reflect the treatment they suffered."

■ And so here we are nearing the end of Phase III, Devaluation II, Greatest Monetary Agreement in the History of the World I, uncertain where we've been, even more uncertain where we're going, other than on to Phase IV etc. As the recently discovered Rickenbacker's Second Law of Ecopolitics put it, "Garbage is what you get out of the west end of an equation when you put garbage in from the east."

■ The Soviet Union had high hopes for its supersonic jet liner, the TU-144. The day before the plane's Western debut, Soviet journalist Victor Louis wrote on the *Times*' Op Ed page that "America has nothing comparable to put into the balance" against it, and went on soberly to offer a detailed long-range forecast: It would carry "120 million passengers annually by 1975," mostly, at first, "government employees traveling at state expense" on trans-Siberian flights. He modestly predicted that "the Soviet Union will not sell more than twenty TU-144s to begin with." The next day, the TU-144 made Louis look a little silly by promptly crashing near a French village and killing 13 people. The Russian press prudently avoided sensationalism by burying Tass's three-sentence report of the mishap deep in its Tuesday editions. As for the engineers, perhaps they will be flown to Siberia, in a TU-144.

■ Cultural Notes from Red China: It's still not that easy to visit China, but when you have the "activist credentials" of Candice Bergen—one sit-in, one jailing "although briefly"—$1,300, and time on your hands, it's super. Lots of things impressed Candy, like safety in the streets, and seven-course meals, and, God forbid but just in case, appendectomies at $5 per. But what really got to her was when her guide told her, " 'We read *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *Variety*.' I nearly fell off my seat! Never," oohed Candy, "underestimate the Chinese." And films? Well, no, no new films since 1966. "They're working on scripts the masses will approve." So, alas, is Miss Bergen.

■ Into each Tourist Paradise, a little rain must fall: While the happy workers and peasants go right on eating simple restaurant meals for 75 cents, paying 80 cents a yard for cotton, and gawking at the Peking Zoo's musk oxen for 3 cents, foreign visitors are getting, in a word, soaked: Hotel rooms are up from $11 to $17; prices in gourmet restaurants have quintupled; taxi fares are zooming; and silk is out of sight. Not that the rain cloud hasn't a silver lining: Now perhaps Shirley MacLaine, Candice Bergen, Ross Terrill, Harrison Salisbury & Co. will stay home.

■ While serious Maoist students battled gendarmes in the Sixties, Ambassador Huang Chen was off somewhere blowing the People's Republic's money on wild Parisian parties and decadent Sun Yat-sen suits. So the Red Guards called him home for some rectification, and Paris was the duller for it. Fortunately, wise old Chou En-lai saw that Huang, who had proved his mettle in Indonesia (by charming the socks off Sukarno even while paving the way for a Communist coup), possessed virtues that far outweighed his peccadillos. Soon Huang was back in Paris, and students were rioting again, post hoc plopter hoc. And now that the U.S. and the People's Republic are exchanging diplomats, guess who has arrived to paint Washington red?

■ Mr. Claude Singletary was drilling open the office door of the Oasis Nite Club in Baltimore when the owner sent for the police. The police hurried in, but instead of making an arrest, stood by to watch after speaking with Singletary's accomplices. Singletary then drilled open two safes in the office, and broke open several locked boxes inside the safes. The accomplices rifled the boxes for money and papers and left with them. They were in fact Internal Revenue agents, and knocking over night clubs behind in their payola is all in a day's work for them. Neither safe nor box nor vault nor Swiss account

Assignment for Dr. Ellsberg

The methods I shall leave to you.
Spook-wise, you seem to follow through.
Your stealth and derring-do both rate
Upon a par with Watergate.
So, if you'll snatch the jury file
From Chappaquiddick Courthouse, I'll
Arrange, in person, your debut
Right here in NATIONAL REVIEW.

W. H. VON DREELE

Keeping Up with Fulbright

"Insofar as a nation is content to practice its doctrines within its own frontiers, that nation, however repugnant its ideology, is one with which we have no proper quarrel."

Senator William Fulbright
March 25, 1964

"I believe it is essential on this occasion for the United States Government to review its relations with the [Greek] Junta taking account in so doing of the present regime's continuing repression of human freedoms."

Senator William Fulbright
June 2, 1973

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shall stay these 'crackers from their appointed rounds.

■ It is reported that a thief broke into the church in the village of Muehldorf, West Germany, and was busy prying open a collection box when a small statue toppled out of a niche above and konked him on the head. The man's cry of pain alerted the priest, who called police, who nabbed the thief. The watchful statue was a likeness of Brother Konrad, patron saint of Bavaria's poor.

■ "He came from a middle-class background, and he was graduated from Brown University instead of the Ivy League college he would have preferred." From Tad Szulc "covering" E. Howard Hunt in the *New York Times Magazine*. Szulc thus knows as much about the Ivy League as he once did about Fidel Castro—and he will not, repeat not, be getting an honorary degree from Brown, a paid-up member of the Ivy League since approximately the eighteenth century.

■ The University of Michigan has just received a 101-page report from its Committee on the Underclass Experience, which, among other things, intends to cleanse the English language of every trace of oppression and hormones. The report, for instance, shuns the word "freshman" in favor of, yes, "freshperson." We're not exactly dying to read the report, but we do wonder why the committee puts up with the invidious designation "*Under*class." Smacks of *Untermenschen*.

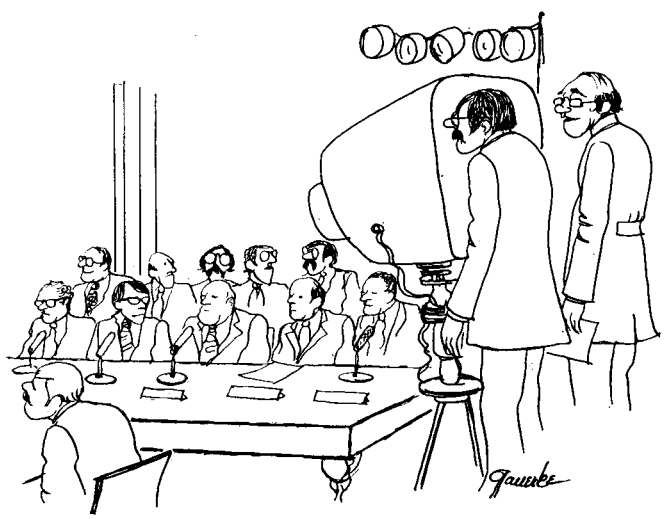
Deeper and Deeper

Enter Lieutenant General Vernon A. Walters, bringing with him some fairly hard evidence on the Watergate cover-up: his recollections, written down immediately afterward, of conversations with John Ehrlichman, H. R. Haldeman, John Dean, and L. Patrick Gray in the weeks after the burglary. Unless the Walters memoranda are out-and-out forgeries (which seems unlikely), it is reasonable to believe 1) that CIA director Richard Helms assured Haldeman and Ehrlichman that an investigation of Watergate would not threaten covert CIA operations; 2) that Haldeman asked Walters, Deputy Director of CIA, to ask Gray to soft-pedal the investigations; 3) that Gray seemed willing enough, but needed an excuse; 4) that Dean strove mightily to involve the CIA in a cover-up, even suggesting the Agency go bail for the five arrested burglars; 5) that Gray had concluded by early July that the case couldn't be covered up, and had so advised President Nixon.

The Walters memoranda, of course, cast doubt on Nixon's claim of May 22 that the Watergate investigation was curbed in the interest of national security—unless, that is, Haldeman and Ehrlichman lied to their boss about Helms' assurances, or simply failed to tell him. Still, Walters' contribution to the meager file of hard evidence moves the cover-up no closer to Nixon than Nixon himself has already admitted. For the "Nixon connection," we have little more than the word of John Dean, who, we are now told, discussed the cover-up with Nixon "35 or forty" times between January and April of this year; that Nixon knew all about what was going on, etc. All this, understand, is from "reliable sources," "sources close to Mr. Dean," and company. As the *New York Times* remarks, toward the end of a long story solemnly quoting Sources, "Mr. Dean has been openly using the press in his effort to gain complete immunity for himself." Sources can say anything in the world and indulge in the most flagrant sensationalism; will surely do so, if that will gain Dean the immunity he so greatly desires. Once on the witness stand, Dean himself can tell stories prosaic by comparison: It may turn out that at those dozens of meetings, Nixon did nothing more sinister than nag Dean to get cracking on that Watergate report he was supposed to be writing. There will sit Dean, immune; the Sources will be nowhere to be found. But until Dean gets immunity and/or testifies, the circus will continue.

The White House hardly helped itself when it first refused, then unrefused to deliver logs of the Dean-Nixon meetings—no more than written notations that they occurred—to the Ervin Committee and to the special prosecutor, Professor Cox. The doctrine of executive privilege, as understood in the White House, now seems not to extend beyond the person of the President: Nixon has made it perfectly clear he will not appear before the Ervin Committee, or the grand jury. Nobody seriously expected him to—though a number of liberals now say he should submit to "cross-examination" by the press.

Meanwhile, the various investigations drag on. The conflict between Senator Ervin ("Let the truth be known") and Professor Cox ("Let the guilty be punished") remains unresolved. About all that's certain is: 1) The Ervin hearings will drag on and on, even unto the 1974 congressional elections, if some Democrats have



"We're going to add a little background organ music so the ladies won't feel cheated out of their daytime drama."

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their way (and if impeachment moves by the likes of maverick Pete McCloskey are successfully squelched); and 2) nobody will be punished by the courts: Given our enlightened views on the effect of pretrial publicity, the coverers-up of Watergate couldn't get a fair trial on the moon.

Assistant President

Richard Nixon has now dispelled the widespread belief that he is oblivious to the seriousness of his predicament. That predicament may be mortal. At best he is fighting for his political life. Therefore: the appointment of Melvin Laird as National Adviser with Cabinet rank and a seat on the National Security Council.

Melvin Laird stands close to the exact center of the Republican Party. He is an experienced and astute politician, and, on that account, a distinct improvement over some of his departed predecessors at the White House. His years in the House have given him excellent relations with Congress, needed, to put it mildly, now more than ever. (For the first time, be it noted, both houses of Congress have voted definitely to repudiate Mr. Nixon's current policies in Laos and Cambodia; a vote the seriousness of which would bring down any government of the parliamentary type.) It is manifest, moreover, that as he has been forced back to what may be his final defensive positions, Mr. Nixon's most immediate danger comes not so much from his liberal opponents as from the Republican establishment. If the latter, by succeeding Watergate revelations, was brought to a repudiation of the Administration, the liberals would have to go along, and the government could not stand. Mr. Laird's appointment meets the desperate need of the Administration on that front.

In Republican circles, already outraged over the Watergate ineptitudes, a further flavor of intraparty scandal attaches to those who have thus far percolated upward to crucial White House positions. Acting FBI director William Ruckleshaus is a liberal; his wife, it has not been overlooked, tends as a Republican activist to take far-out positions on women's lib issues; Leonard Garment, now counsel to the President, is reputedly a liberal; Elliot Richardson is a liberal Republican, who turned to liberal Democrat Archibald Cox, who turned to an array of liberal Democratic assistant prosecutors, apparently stopping just short of Mr. Joseph Rauh. Laird helps here.

Laird's appointment also rescues him from political oblivion. He had wanted to be Speaker of the House. He wants to be President, but his service as Secretary of Defense netted little political gain in that direction. Since stepping down, he has waited like Grant at Galena. And now destiny has called him.

But it remains for the moment a complex destiny. Even could it be accomplished, say some, it is not in Mr. Laird's interest so to resuscitate the power of Richard Nixon that he will stand at his post-election height of six months ago. Could that be done, Laird's own power would shrink correspondingly. In this line of reasoning, Laird's ambitions dictate that he preserve Nixon, and rehabilitate the White House, but not overdo it. Where he will stand on key policy collisions with the Congress is yet to be seen. Can he, will he be inclined to, assert White House budgetary priorities against the liberal opposition in Congress? It seems doubtful. But if the preservation of the Nixon Administration involves the sacrifice of its rationale in policy, then many will doubt that it is worth preserving.

James Buckley: Life Amendment

On May 31, Senator James Buckley, offering the Human Life Amendment to the Constitution, delivered an extraordinary speech on the Senate floor. Joining him as cosponsors were six other senators: Hatfield, Hughes, Bennett, Bartlett, Curtis, and Young. It is worth noting that of those sponsoring the amendment, two are Catholic, the rest Protestant, and that the six include liberals, centrists, and conservatives.

Senator Buckley's speech deserves study as a model of conservative exposition on moral, philosophical, and constitutional issues.

He began by noting that in its recent "precedent-shattering" decisions regarding abortion—which, contrary to popular impression, struck down all barriers to abortion on request throughout the entire pregnancy—the Court "contravened the express will of every state legis-

Gold Coins, Anyone?

The nation is floating on a sea of debt and I am worried about the banking system.

—William McChesney Martin Jr.

My economics teacher always said,
"It can't occur again." He meant the crash.
But William Rickenbacker, whom I've read,
Insists we're heading for another smash.
He says I need a minimum of cash;
The rest should be secreted with the Swiss.
He cautions holding common stock is rash
Unless it meets minute analysis.
So here I sit observing the abyss
As Cleopatra eyed the fatal asp.
(He died of an acute paralysis
While clutching Kiplinger within his grasp.)
"Hi, this is Herbert Hoover on the line . . ."
Ye gods, it must be 1929.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A sense of fair play has inhibited General Alexander Haig in his effort to re-staff the White House. Gen. Haig, who took over from H. R. Haldeman as White House chief of staff, wants to bring in some new faces, but he is reluctant to replace anyone lest the person replaced be tainted by the suspicion that he is being eased out because of some unrevealed Watergate complicity. Gen. Haig himself, although he is one of the most respected men in Washington, was under pressure, both public and private, to get out of the White House or out of the Army. Many observers believed he was hurting his career by serving in an essentially political job. Ultimately, in what must have been a hard decision, Haig resigned from the Army to take on what is bound to be the difficult and largely thankless job of chief cleaner-up.

■ Washingtonians are becoming adept at the kind of close reading of news stories that is necessary to make sense out of the gusher of Watergate leaks. Example: On Sunday, June 3, both the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* reported that John Dean, Mr. Nixon's former White House counsel, would testify that he met often with Mr. Nixon between January and April of this year to discuss the cover-up of the Watergate. The *Post* story (written by Pulitzer Prizewinners Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward) was attributed to "reliable sources." But the *Times* story (by Seymour M. Hersh, who won his Pulitzer for uncovering the Mylai massacre) was attributed to "sources close to Mr. Dean." People who read only the *Post* might wonder if the information about Dean's allegedly forthcoming testimony might have come from Senate investigators. If it did it would indicate two things: The investigators are full of leaks, and they believe what Dean says about his intentions. But people who read the *Times* report recognized the story as a leak from Dean, a part of his ongoing campaign of leaks (usually carried on in *Time* Magazine and *Newsweek*) designed to whet the appetite of the investigators and to win for him various kinds of immunity from various forms of complicity in Watergate and related crimes. (See also "On the Right.")

■ John Ehrlichman, Mr. Nixon's former domestic adviser, and General Robert Cushman, Deputy Director of the Central Intelligence Agency in 1971 and now Commandant of the Marine Corps, are involved in a crucial conflict of testimony, and it is one conflict that may never be resolved. The conflict concerns whether or not Mr. Ehrlichman asked the CIA to help equip E. Howard Hunt for an operation that turned out to involve burglarizing the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Gen. Cushman has testified: "About July 7, 1971 Mr. John Ehrlichman of the White House called me and stated that Howard Hunt was a bona fide employee, a consultant on national-security matters and that Hunt would come to see me and request assistance which Mr. Ehrlichman requested that I give." But Ehrlichman says he does not have the "faintest recollection" of having made such a call; he says it is "extremely improbable" that he made it. It is a common practice in high government circles to have a secretary keep a complete log of all calls made and received. In fact, some high officials have transcripts made of all their calls. Gen. Cushman says Ehrlichman called "about" July 7, 1971, which indicates that he did not keep a log of his calls. Mr. Ehrlichman would not have to rely on his recollections if he had such a log. So it appears that neither of these high officials kept logs. This episode indicates both the usefulness and the hazards of keeping records in government.

■ George McGovern may be about to take some more lumps, of an indirect sort. When someone (former Oklahoma Senator and former Democratic National Chairman Fred Harris is a likely candidate) gets around to filing suit to have the 1972 presidential election set aside, the argument will not be that "but for Watergate" McGovern might have won. The argument will concede that McGovern was a hopeless case but that sabotage against the New Hampshire primary campaign of Senator Edmund Muskie did him in (the crying incident, and all that) and that Muskie could have beaten Mr. Nixon.

—CATO

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lature in the country." He pointed out that since the Court's action, ten states have petitioned the Congress to adopt a nullifying amendment, and that 17 states joined as *amici curiae* in a Connecticut petition seeking a reversal of the ruling. Viewed in this perspective, the Court's decision flies in the face of the principle of federalism, itself fundamental to the Constitution.

Properly enough, Senator Buckley declared his reluctance to take the route of constitutional amendment. "My decision was not lightly taken, for I believe that only matters of permanent and fundamental interest are properly the subject for constitutional amendment. I regret the necessity for having to take this serious step, but the Court's decisions, unfortunately, leave those who respect human life in all its stages from inception to death with no other recourse." Here too, the Senator stood on firm conservative ground, and squarely within the American constitutional tradition.

But he also located the issue within wider and indeed ominous philosophical and historical contexts. The Court had held that a fetus, and not only in the first three or six months, is less than a person in the "whole" sense, because it is incapable of "meaningful life." Yet "every premise," noted the Senator, "conceded by the Court in order to justify the killing of an unborn child can be extended to justify the killing of anyone else if, like the unborn child, he is found to be less than a person in the 'whole' sense or incapable of 'meaningful life.'" Therefore, in the language of this decision, "the Court has extended to government, it would seem, the power to decide the terms and conditions under which membership in good standing in the human race is determined. . . . If constitutional rights are deemed to hinge on one's being a person in the whole sense, where does one draw the line between 'whole' and something less than 'whole'? . . . Will it one day be found that a person, by virtue of mental illness, or serious accident, or senility, ceases to be a 'person in the whole sense,' or ceases to have the 'capability for meaningful life,' and as such is no longer entitled to the full protection of the law?" That vista indeed opens upon a darkling plain.

The language of the decision, moreover, possessed far-

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Going on Vacation?

We know from past experience that our readers are a most travelsome lot—with the result that you miss renewal notices and **then** miss several issues of NR before you can get your subscription reinstated. Well, we don't want you to miss a single issue of **National Review!**

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reaching and indeed totalitarian implications. In its discussion of the question of the mother's "health," the Court took over the comprehensive definition of health popularized by the World Health Organization. Health, that is, involves "all factors—physical, emotional, psychological, familial, and the woman's age—relevant to well-being." In short, everything. And, having so defined health, the Court pointedly asserted with regard to it the "compelling interest" of the state. Just where, asked Senator Buckley, does the power implicit in such a "compelling interest" end?

He saw, thus, that the struggle over abortion is not a struggle over abortion alone. He saw it too in its historical dimension: The "controversy over abortion represents the first phase of a head-on conflict between the traditional, Judaeo-Christian medical and legal ethic (in which the intrinsic worth and equal value of every human life is secured by law, regardless of age, health, or condition of dependency) and a new ethic, according to which human life can be taken for what are held to be the compelling social, economic, or psychological needs of others."

The issue therefore is joined. It goes to the roots of the civilization of the West.

In the proposed amendment, the text of which follows, the question is left open as to when the life of a person can be said actually to have begun. Some hold that the beginning comes at the moment of fertilization, others say some days later when the ovum implants itself in the wall of the uterus. By leaving this question open, the amendment is designed to enlist maximum rather than minimum support. As Senator Buckley observed of his six senatorial co-sponsors: "When such a geographically, ideologically and religiously diverse group of senators can agree on a major issue like this, it suggests that opposition to abortion is truly ecumenical and national in scope."

No doubt, among much of the public, opinion has yet to crystallize on this momentous issue. Yet recent votes in the states of Michigan and North Dakota, both of which rejected permissive abortion by wide margins, suggest that discussion and enlightening argument can be highly effective.

The Human Life Amendment reads as follows:

Section 1: With respect to the right to life, the word "person," as used in this Article and in the Fifth and Fourteenth Articles of Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, applies to all human beings, including their unborn offspring at every stage of their biological development, irrespective of age, health, function, or condition of dependency.

Section 2: This Article shall not apply in an emergency when a reasonable medical certainty exists that continuation of the pregnancy will cause the death of the mother.

Section 3: Congress and the several states shall have power to enforce this Article by appropriate legislation within their respective jurisdictions.

Lafayette, Where Are You?

A point of departure in Franco-American relations is that the more extravagant the toasts, the more often the historic friendship of Lafayette and Washington is invoked, the more certain you can be that things have not gone well. So went the toasts on the eve of the breakup of the Nixon-Pompidou meeting in Reykjavik. And what it means, as President Pompidou told the press the next morning, is that "we have decided nothing."

Both Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger want this to be the Year of Europe, as they have said repeatedly, and they were hoping for a slambang summit of the heads of state of all the NATO powers in the fall to celebrate a new Atlantic Alliance which was to have replaced the increasingly anemic North Atlantic Treaty Organization. As envisioned, the road toward that Summit would be marked by a series of successful meetings between Nixon and Willy Brandt, Nixon and Edward Heath, Nixon and Georges Pompidou, followed by lower-level talks to etch in the particulars.

If all went well, SALT II and the Vienna talks on mutual withdrawals of Eastern and Western forces from Central Europe either would have accomplished their goals or would be well on the way toward their accomplishment and autumn 1973 would do for the Nixon-Kissinger team what winter and spring 1972 had done for them in the Far East.

But Georges Pompidou wasn't playing. The French, like the Germans, are opposed to unilateral withdrawal of U.S. troops from Europe and Richard Nixon arrived in Iceland prepared to promise that our GIs would remain in Europe, in full strength. Mr. Nixon wanted to tie the troop talks to economic matters of concern to the United States, but President Pompidou was unwilling to discuss them as a package. Nixon wanted tariff and monetary concessions, a pledge that Europe would be willing to assume a greater part of the economic burden of defending Europe; and this he didn't get.

The one thing the Europeans may have overlooked is that this may be the year when Richard Nixon cannot deliver on his promise not to cut U.S. troop strength in Europe. What they may not have taken sufficiently into consideration is that the growing isolationism that was set in motion by Vietnam is gaining headway in Congress and could possibly turn 1973 into the Soviet Union's Year of Europe.

Lippmann Speaks

A few weeks before he was hospitalized by a recent heart attack, Walter Lippmann was interviewed at length by Ronald Steel. The interview, published in the *Washington Post* before today's Watergate crisis, is bound to surprise those who think of Lippmann as the liberal's liberal.

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For one thing, Lippmann strongly approves of Nixon, and sees his landslide victory over George McGovern as an event of major importance in American history: It marks the "repudiation" by the American people of "the Jacobin or Rousseauistic philosophy . . . that man is essentially good and can be made perfect by making the environment perfect, and that the environment can be made perfect by taxing the mass of people to spend money for improving it." ("We have been in the grip of this general view of the nature of society at least since Woodrow Wilson.") Similar repudiations usually occur in modern industrial societies, Lippmann notes, and in extreme cases take the form of fascism, which he sees as the natural reaction against Jacobinism gone ape. "Social equality, if you carry it far enough, is an absurdity."

Moreover, "I'm a conservative ["in the line of Edmund Burke," he went on to add]; I think I always have been. But that doesn't mean I'm a conservative who agrees with William Buckley." (E.g., "I never thought anti-Communism was a good basis for foreign policy"; and he seems to regret U.S. involvement not only in Vietnam but in Korea as well.) "The breakdown of forms of authority," specifically "the dissolution of the ancestral order," is "dangerous in the sense that the fabric of society is of a cellular structure, of families related to each other in tribes and nations. Of course the destruction of that threatens to produce the chaos of modern times." This tendency and the increase of population bode ill for parliamentary democracy ("increasingly unworkable mechanically"), but bode well for fascism—a melancholy point made a generation ago, with whatever differences in the rhetoric, by Lawrence Dennis in *The Coming American Fascism.*

And "there's always a tendency of the governing power to be repressive if it can be. That has to be resisted." But Lippmann thinks we already possess the means of resistance; he is especially unterrified by executive tyranny: "The power of the purse is one of the great foundations of free government"; "Congress can impeach." But "I think public papers which are classified and regarded as secret should not be stolen or revealed by anybody who is not willing to pay the price of doing it. . . . One thing I like about Ellsberg [even though "I think it was a good thing to reveal the Pentagon Papers"] is that he doesn't deny that he will take the penalty." The same goes for the press: "In the journalistic world I grew up in, it wasn't a question of law whether you had to divulge your sources. It was a question of whether the reporter had the guts to refuse to reveal where he got the information, whether he was willing to go to prison if necessary. That was regarded as the elementary code of a newspaperman."

Lippmann makes it clear that he is all for "reforms" (i.e., liberal measures), so long as they are detached from Rousseauist ideology. He is therefore not, as he acknowledges, our kind of conservative. But we are glad to accord him the praise of being our kind of liberal.

Antioch Fiasco

They richly deserved it, there is an underlying justice at work in the universe, or, as the ancient Greeks put it: Character is destiny. Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, the absolute fantasmo super-pinnacle of academic liberalism, has been completely wiped out for the last six weeks by a student strike and the occupation of key buildings. That many students have been obliged by the suspension of all operations to leave the campus early and go home probably represents a civilizational plus.

The reasons for the strike are plain enough. For the past several years it has been de rigueur for the elite colleges to have in residence a substantial contingent of

"Take that, Mr. Nixon!"

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poor blacks. Usually the quota is pegged at 10 per cent, reflecting the proportion of blacks in the general population. Those colleges enjoying the services of a genuine virtuoso in the Office of Admissions have sometimes managed some Indians, Chicanos, Esquimaux, and so forth. All such students necessarily enjoy full scholarship, air fare to and from campus, expense money, and administrators chosen on ethnic grounds and munificently rewarded to minister to their special needs. Of course, and to put it mildly, ordinary admissions standards are "inoperative" here. In many cases, special programs must be designed for them to provide courses that they can pass. But liberal faculties across the country insist upon having such enclaves in order to experience the delights of relevance.

Hence the big rip-off at Antioch. The college claims it could guarantee its "New Directions" students only two years of full financial support. Fascist Pig, cried the afflicted students, and non-negotiably demanded full support, and they meant *full*, over the whole four- or five-year route. The college turned its pockets inside out: See, no dough beyond two years. There then occurred the six-weeks-plus institutional mugging.

The liberal administration mostly dithered, as anyone would expect. The college's president believes in "creative conflict." He abhors the thought of "outside interference"—i.e., police—to reopen the school. When a group of students at length sought and won an injunction against the administration for "failing to maintain the campus open and available for instruction," the administrators promptly appealed the injunction. On Friday, June 1, the police forced open the buildings—and it was noted that much vandalism had taken place within during the strike. By Monday, June 4, the buildings were closed again. A student named Barbara Israel explained in court that she expected to receive full-course credit in Revolution and Spanish 1 for her role in the strike. A strike leader named Colleen McGrath said that the strike was "the first time in three years that I've been at this college that I've really seen white students and black students working together closely. It's the first time I've seen the Antioch interracial dream work." The strikers and Antioch deserve each other. Long may they Tango.

Radical Chic

There is a liberal I know
(I'm sure you know one too)
Who goes to great extremes to show
How bigots make him blue.
His living style's the gracious sort;
He hints he likes to "swing."
He mourns the recent Warren Court
And Martin Luther King.
At parties, when the din and gin
Deny you any choice,
He tells you "Rastus" stories in
A Stepin Fetchit voice.

W. H. von Dreele

Notes & Asides

■ Hon. Bill Buckley Esq.
White House Conscience

Dear Mr. President:

Your Watergate confession raised such a lump in my throat I thought I had swallowed a canary. In your presidential esophagus, the excrescence must have been the size of Sputnik I beeping its way around the earth.

Now that you've taken over in the Chancellery, will you tell us what you're planning to do about the energy crisis, the price of beef, and the gold drain? But surely, our problems are half-solved already: the electrostatic energy generated by your hair-raising column puts the high-voltage columns of all the van de Graff machines in the country to shame. Is there any doubt this power could be harnessed to light the world? And the meatiness, the protean protein of your golden words should be nourishment enough for a yearning nation raised on Wonder bread. Sincerities,

A. Martin
Greensboro, N. C.

Dear Mr. Martin: Thank you very much. We knew we had written movingly, but your response gives us extra confidence in ourselves. We shall advise you in re energy, beef, and crap. Yours faithfully, —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: Your use of the word "crap."

Honestly, I find your choice of words quite justifiable. Even God, when quite angry with certain thieving priests, informed them He would "spread dung" upon their faces. (See the book of Malachi, KJV.)

Albeit, we should remember that "evil communications corrupt good manners." Sincerely yours,

John P. McGraw
Dayton, Ohio

Ladies and gentlemen, the discussion is closed. The crappers have it. —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Is it possible for your subscription department to handle a campaign whereby current subscribers might donate gift subscriptions for one year to *NR* to our returning POWs? I know that I could myself single out one

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and send his name (and wish I could afford more), but it might be a suitably affectionate and appreciative gesture on the part of NATIONAL REVIEW if all could receive them from the body of your subscribers. Sincerely,

Marion Montgomery
Crawford, Georgia

Memo to: JPM

Jim—would you explore the mechanics of giving free subscriptions to *NR* to the returned POWs? —Bill

Memo to: WFB
From: JPM

I talked to Cmdr. Gene Smith at the Pentagon. The procedure is as follows:

In order to guard the POWs' privacy, no communications go directly to them. But if our readers want to donate subscriptions to the POWs, they should send the money to us marked "For POW, Circulation, NR, 150 East 35th Street, New York 10016." We advise the Pentagon we have the fund. The Pentagon advises the POWs. They write in and say if they want *NR*. If there is excess money in the fund over that needed to supply POWs who want the magazine, we will return the balance. If there isn't enough, the POWs will be serviced first come, first served. If all of them wanted the mag, the cost would be (without profit to *NR*) approximately $3,500.

■ To: WFB
From: PLB

Bill: the enclosed clip will appeal to you . . . "Richard Brookhiser, a senior at Irondequoit High School, has been named a National Merit $1,000 scholarship winner. The award is based on National Merit Exam scores, high-school grades, leadership, and achievements outside the classroom.

"He was recently awarded two other honors. He was selected as a Yale National Scholar and the Harvard College Honorary National Scholarship. This week he is being honored at a dinner for outstanding high-school students given by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. These selections are based on faculty vote. He is also listed in *Who's Who among American High School Students*.

"He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brookhiser, 16 Hastings Lane."

This is the boy who, aged 14, staged an antimoratorium rally at the Irondequoit High School and posted his own 95 theses on the bulletin board. His letter to *NR*, with the accompanying manuscript which was published [*NR*, Feb. 24, 1970], read: "I have had my name in the paper twice, once for chiding Nelson Rockefeller during a ceremony at the state capitol (I was four years old at the time); and again, for becoming an Eagle Scout. I have pursued an interest in music since the third grade, and have read voraciously all my life. My fascination with politics dates from 1964 [he was nine] and my urge to write is even older. I have sent the sample chapters of one book to a publisher, and have plans for five more. This is the story of my life."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A columnist for *Arizona Living* writes: "Jack Paar was full of goody gossip one night on TV. He asked Liza Minnelli if she knew that her mother Judy Garland and Oscar Levant had been lovers. He mentioned that David Niven was very saving and thrifty, and he remarked that William F. Buckley Jr. was a very bad amateur painter." Is this true?

Kathy Armstrong
Pasadena, California

Dear Miss Armstrong: 1) I don't know about Miss Garland and Mr. Levant, and don't want to; 2) David Niven is the most generous man in the world as witness that he has actually praised my paintings; concerning which, it is not true, 3) that I am a very bad amateur painter, I am an abominable amateur painter, and would therefore consent to exhibit my paintings only on Mr. Paar's program. Cordially. —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

This letter is primarily concerned with your column of May 22, and in particular with a word appearing therein: obmutescence.

Opinion at the office as to why you coined this word (please correct me if I'm wrong, but it would appear you are the first to use it, deriving it from the Latin *obmutesco*, to be silent) is divided. Possibilities offered are: a) wanting always to use the right word in the right place, you were forced to coin a new one here because no other word in the English language conveys the thought you had; b) you wanted to draw particular attention to the sentence in which the word appeared, and so, rather than use italics, subtly forced the reader's attention on the sentence by making him do detective work to discover its meaning; c) you wanted to draw attention to yourself (I won't go into the rude remarks given by some in this connection).

It would be very enlightening to know which, if any, of the above explains the appearance of obmutescence (your obmutescence would be disappointing).

You might be interested to know that physicists are constantly coining new terms. Among the horrors I have encountered are "pessimize" (meaning to choose the worst possible case) which the journal I work for was able to squelch, and "antishrink" (meaning, essentially, to grow) which, unfortunately, is now established in the literature because elementary-particle physicists insisted they could not communicate effectively without it. Respectfully yours,

Robert Tucker
Assistant Editor, *Physical Review Letters*
Rocky Point, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Tucker: Elementary physicists can't communicate effectively with it. Re obmutescent, see Webster, or Oxford. Cordially, **—WFB**

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Ehrlichmanese

THOSE WHO, like Evelyn Waugh's Scott-King, find "a peculiar relish in contemplating the victories of barbarism" should understand that the most consequential barbarians of this century are not carrying guns. They are cultural barbarians carrying language, *our* language, and they are out to garrote us with it.

Cynics who, like Talleyrand, believe that "man was given the power of speech in order that he might conceal his thoughts" probably detected normal nineteenth-century political sinisterness rather than twentieth-century cultural barbarism when John Ehrlichman spoke the other day. The cynics were wrong. Mr. Ehrlichman was never more a child of this dreary time than when he stepped out of a closed meeting with a Senate subcommittee and told reporters that the burglarizing of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist "was at that time oppressed [sic] with a very sensitive national-security characteristic as far as we were concerned and as well as the investigating authorities were concerned and continued to be oppressed with that characteristic until very recently."

It is 322 years since Hobbes rationalized the politics of modernity, the manipulative uses of power, and no one since then has written with more awareness of the dangers of that politics. And as Hobbes knew, these dangers require special attention to language: "Words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon with them, but they are the money of fools." For a long time now fools in Washington have been tossing words around with the same abandon (and often for the same purposes) that they toss money around, and Gresham's Law of language has prevailed. Mr. Ehrlichman's language received little comment; it is normal. But it is, as they say, "oppressed" with short-term and long-term significance.

The short-term significance is that Mr. Ehrlichman's language encourages the belief that he does not care to talk sense about Watergate. The long-term significance is what George Orwell wrote about in his essay "Politics and the English Language": " . . . one ought to recognize that the present political chaos is connected with the decay of language, and that one can probably bring about some improvement by starting at the verbal end. If you simplify your English, you are freed from the worst follies of orthodoxy."

But wait. Mr. Ehrlichman has no "smelly little orthodoxies." He is especially proud of the fact that he is unencumbered by anything remotely suggestive of reflectiveness, even in its debased ideological forms. No, Mr. Ehrlichman talks as he does naturally, and he is not alone. All governments are chock-full of people who talk that way. So we return to the short-term significance of Mr. Ehrlichman's statement: Perhaps he is just afraid to talk sense. But you cannot infer fear from the fact that he talks nonsense: By now, for Mr. Ehrlichman and a lot of others in Washington, such dreadful slather is natural, unaffected.

AND YET, and yet . . . It is impossible not to infer *something* from the verbal fog being laid down by past and present White House aides. The fog looks purposeful. Orwell again: "The great enemy of clear language is insincerity. When there is a gap between one's real and one's declared aim one turns as it were instinctively to long words and exhausted idioms, like a cuttlefish squirting out ink."

Still, the fact that nothing the White House says makes sense does not mean that everything said against the White House is true. Something like the truth will come out, but not until we have heard from Ehrlichman, Haldeman, Dean, and Mitchell.

Perhaps the most interesting possibility (and it is *not* a probability) is that the White House often talks worse than it acts. For more than five years men around Mr. Nixon's White House have been talking to one another and at the rest of us in Ehrlichmanese about "protective reaction strikes" (that's bombing, friend) and Cambodian "incursions" (as in the verb, "to incurse"). The bombings and the incursions were good policy cloaked in language that made them seem embarrassing.

But be that as it may, the *possibility* exists that Mr. Nixon really did not know what his assistants were saying to him when they talked—or hinted, or obfuscated—about the Watergate cover-up they were administering.

The least noticed but potentially most significant words in Mr. Nixon's four-thousand word statement of May 22 were these: "To the extent that I have been able to determine what happened in the tangled course of this affair, on the basis of my own recollections and of the conflicting accounts and evidence that I have seen, it would appear that one factor at work was that at critical points various people, each with his own perspective and responsibilities, saw the same situation with different eyes and heard the same words with different ears."

John Dean, Mr. Nixon's former counsel, is reportedly prepared to testify under oath that he met with Mr. Nixon many times, perhaps as many as forty, since January of this year and that these meetings convinced him that Mr. Nixon had "substantial" knowledge of what other White House aides were doing to cover up the Watergate investigation. What is "substantial"? And how can Mr. Dean convincingly argue against the idea that he and Mr. Nixon, talking to each other in their private dialects of Ehrlichmanese, "heard the same words with different ears," and that, hence, Mr. Nixon never understood the full import of what Mr. Dean says he was saying to Mr. Nixon?

Mr. Dean has been leaking bits of promised testimony in order to get immunity from various punishments. If Mr. Dean gives testimony implicating the President who fired him, will it be credible? Probably not, and certainly not if all Mr. Dean's meetings with Mr. Nixon were with Mr. Nixon alone or with Mr. Ehrlichman and Mr. Haldeman. If Mr. Mitchell does not implicate Mr. Nixon, the Administration probably will survive. If the Administration survives, the task of the new White House staff will be to watch what it says as well as what it does. □

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End of the Colonels?

JAMES BURNHAM

OVER THE past six years since the Colonels took power, the news media in the United States have allocated more space and time to Greece than to any other small nation except for the Vietnams. Ninety-five per cent of this coverage has been unfavorable. Its content has been consistently selective: With rare exceptions, only the negative has been reported. Every allegation by opponents of the regime has been given instant publicity; the facilities of press and radio have been open to those advocating the regime's overthrow. No matter what the truth is about the Colonels, the media's coverage of Greece under their government has been, in its mode of selection, its indifference to evidence, its rhetoric, and its advocacy, a classic demonstration of the organic bias that the media so indignantly disavow.

A recurrent manifestation of the bias has been the interpretation of any slightest sign of opposition as signifying growing mass discontent and the early downfall of the Colonels. Yet in spite of the dozens of times the media people have tossed the Colonels into the ash-can of history, the Colonels remain. In Greece itself, the only mass response to the periodic summons to revolt from Papandreou, Mitsotakis, Karamanlis, Kanellopoulos, Grivas, Helen Vlachos and Lady Fleming has come from foreign journalists.

Four Reasons Wrong

In their evaluations of the Greek situation and in their predictions, the media people have been demonstrably wrong. There are four primary reasons, I believe, for their chronic misjudgment:

First, their ideological preconceptions, which distort their vision of reality, especially when, as in the Greek case, their emotions are engaged.

Second, their too close confinement to Athens, and in Athens to the intellectual and cosmopolitan types, conspicuously including the de-horsed politicians.

Third, their forgetfulness of the extent to which most Greeks were fed up with the disorderly, demagogic anarchy of the period preceding the Colonels' takeover in April 1967. The inability of the parliamentary politicians to form a stable government, the intrigues of the King and his mother, Frederika, the bribery and corruption involving the press as well as the politicians, the strides being made by the Communists amid the political confusion, the day-after-day demonstrations, riots, and wildcat strikes had reached a point where the bulk of the population was ready to settle for almost any government that looked as if it could pull things together. That this was the public attitude was proved by the extraordinary fact that no one was killed in the Colonels' coup.

Fourth, and probably most important, their failure to pay sufficient attention to the fact that the Colonels have come through on the economic front. I was in Greece a few months before the Colonels came to power, and I have made three visits since then, last month most recently, and during these visits I have traveled fairly widely throughout both the mainland and the islands. My own observations are fully in accord with the statistics, which show Greece to have had one of the highest growth rates and lowest inflation rates in the world during these past six years. The advance is really spectacular—indeed, alarming for those who cherish country lanes over auto-jammed highways, and serenely empty beaches to condominium-crowded resorts.

No doubt much of the economic development would have gone on with or without the Colonels. It would have been less likely, however, without a stable government such as they have provided. Moreover, a number of their deliberate measures in the economic field seem to have been intelligently conceived. They saw that rapid economic advance required at least a minimal infrastructure on a national scale. They therefore pushed through the extension of hard-topped roads, telephones, and electricity to the entire country. Walking along a street of a remote provincial village, you will now see a brand-new electric motor on the outer wall of each ancient dwelling. The Colonels understood, also, that shipping was Greece's foremost industry, and tourism its greatest potential. They have used many devices to woo Greek-owned ships back to Greek registry. During this last visit they celebrated the raising of the Greek flag over the three-thousandth Greek merchant ship. And the Colonels have pursued a very active policy in promoting tourism: for example, by granting low-interest, state-guaranteed loans and tax concessions for hotel construction, or even building hotels with state money and then selling them to private operators.

Voluble, but Thin

One result has been Greece's shift from the underemployment endemic in underdeveloped nations to virtually full employment. In the past, Greece's major export has been workers, who have gone to Germany, the U.S., Belgium, etc. to find jobs. But today there are jobs in Greece for everyone. No longer can a yacht owner (and yacht chartering is a big business in Greece) discharge his crew for the winter and expect to find a new one the next spring. The itinerant shoe-shiners and hangers-on and crowds of idle men that are characteristic of underdeveloped economies (we saw them everywhere in Turkey the week we spent there this spring) are gone. And in the last year, for the first time in modern Greece's history, thousands of workers have been coming *to* Greece to find jobs: I noticed first the Turkish waiters in restaurants, but learned later that foreigners were working also on the ships and in the factories.

The opposition to the Colonels is voluble and much publicized, but thin. Its voice has no resonance within the masses. The April demonstrations by the Athens University students made headlines for three days, but dissolved without echo. The Karamanlis pronunciamento at the beginning of May was a bombshell in the foreign press, but a

(Continues on page 701)

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THE NEWBORN GARRY WILLS

LAY-DEEZ AND GEN-TLE-MENNN: PREE-ZEN-TING... THE ORGULOUS...SUPERSUBTLE...GARRY...WILLS!!!

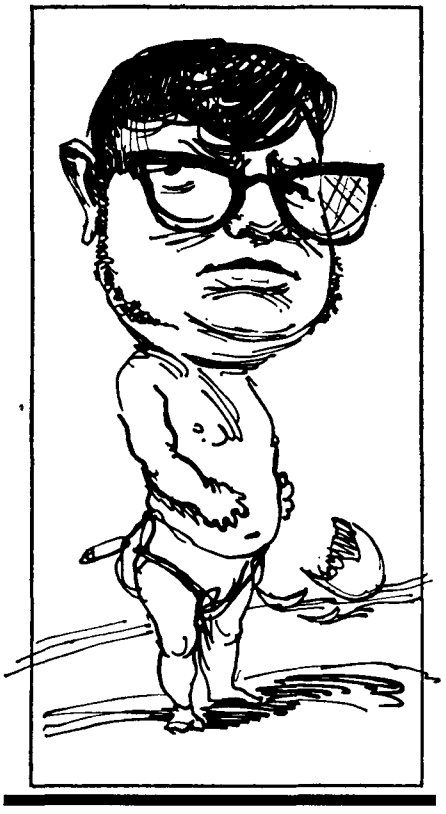
M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Truth will not afford sufficient food for their vanity; so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth, Sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk; and so they are gone to milk the bull. —*Johnson*

THIS IS of course the Age of Aquarius, and Garry Wills, for one, has not been quite the same since some time ago when Simon and Garfunkel told him that the words of the prophets are written on subway walls. When somebody shouts political slogans in a concert hall, Wills nowadays writes a column about it, and approves; and assures the reader that Beethoven would have approved too.

It was not always so, of course. Time was when he used to denounce Communists (in the Fifties idiom, "Reds"), anti-anti-Communists ("when McCarthy made the most powerful assault so far, the liberal grew frenzied"), Khrushchev ("if men are men, and war is war, then Khrushchev is our enemy"), and girlie-mags ("that gas-station calendar called *Playboy*"). But since his elopement with the zeitgeist, he has taken to extolling radicals and crediting the "magnanimity" of Khrushchev with saving us from World War III, and essays on his current aversions —priestly celibacy, for instance—are right at home in that gas-station calendar called *Playboy*. His change is baffling, not merely because he is so different, but because he is so much worse. Even though he is now in some ways a more splendid writer than ever, it seems safe to say that the Right has lost more than the Left has gained.

It has been three years since Wills took his stand—not uncritically, to be sure, but decisively—with the New



Left. He had been known among conservatives for some years as a brilliant young writer, having written for NATIONAL REVIEW since 1957, when he was 23. By his thirtieth year he had published two impressive books, *Chesterton: Man and Mask* and *Politics and Catholic Freedom*, as well as an important essay in conservative theory, "The Convenient State." Both Frank Meyer and William Buckley included this essay in their anthologies of conservative thought. Its thesis (which Wills has not abandoned) is that government institutions must grow out of a society's lesser institutions, must be consonant with them, and above all must not attempt to create a paradigmatic social order, or impose an abstract justice, by sheer force. Meanwhile, he had written shorter pieces on an immense range of subjects, from the Miss America pageant (in which he espied a vulgar form of the American success-ethic: *Nixon Agonistes* in little) to John Henry Newman (whom the liberals, quoting him out of context, had dexterously tried to make off with). And he had reviewed books by Evelyn Waugh, C. S. Lewis, Ronald Knox, Paul Weiss, Frederick Wilhelmsen, Norman Mailer, Murray Kempton, Leo Strauss, Edmund Wilson, Willmoore Kendall, Barbara Ward, Brand Blanshard, and James Baldwin. (He had also taken his doctorate at Yale University, in the classics.)

THESE early pieces are still valuable in themselves, and they have the additional interest of revealing how much of his conservatism Wills has taken left with him. Even in his first NATIONAL REVIEW article, a critique of *Time*'s journalistic vices, one detects the embryo of his later thesis that "the Market is death to style," to personality and integrity. He has also retained his early contempt for Teilhard de Chardin with his cosmic success-ethic, and for the bland optimism of Norman Vincent Peale. He continues to prefer pessimists—men who recognize evil and tragedy, "the void"—to those who suppose that Truth and Virtue will at last *succeed*. He has always hated liberalism, as he understands it, for its faith that success is the single measure of worth. And by success he means suc-

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cess in the "marketplace," whether of commerce, ideas, politics, or morals. He now considers the American right wing to be merely a regressive form of liberalism, and thinks that the true conservative has much more in common with today's radicals ("communitarians" who have stepped outside the sterile dialectic of individualism) than with today's rightists. Accordingly he writes things like: "American 'conservatives,' who praise history and the past, know very little about it [sic]"; "it is a mark of conservative views in America that they should be feared most of all by our deracinated Right."

ALONG the way, Wills has assumed a crudeness of polemical style that is so marked a departure from the standards he formerly observed, tacitly and explicitly, as to appear almost dutifully vulgar. Thus passing references to the critic and essayist Russell Kirk in a recent column came out "that American caricature of Colonel Blimp" and "the kooky professor, Russell Kirk." In such terms might a General Walker refer to "that Communist simpleton Garry Wills," except that Walker writes for *American Mercury*, while Wills's vituperation is syndicated. Similarly, he pronounces Nixon "a war criminal," "an idiot," "a hired gun" (a term he also applied to Henry Kissinger); McGovern is a "preacher clown," Paul McCloskey a "klutz"; spokesmen for Middle America, from Buckley to Irving Kristol, are "kooky"; America itself is "a racist society." And though he can be elegantly analytical, his prose is peppered with words like "repression," "relevance," and "politicize," all used with the inflection of a Berkeley undergraduate. The difference is that the Berkeley undergraduate's rhetorical accents (in Samuel Johnson's fine phrase) "are not propagated by reason, but caught by contagion"; whereas a Wills's use of them *must* be deliberate. And their significance, as he uses them, is not merely literal, but also what the linguistic philosophers call "performative"—his very resort to such terms is, among other things, a proclamation of his own solidarity with the kind of people who habitually use them; with the Kids.

Unlike most conservatives, Wills sees little continuity between the radicalism of the Kids and their parents' liberalism. He sees radicalism as "a rebellion against liberalism," with liberalism's empty emphasis on procedure. *"To a philosophy built on compromise [radicalism] offers the non-negotiable demand. To impersonal 'truths of the market,' reached by consensus and group-process, it offers the primacy of 'authentic' personal experience."* (Put another way: To a vapid positivism, it offers a dogmatic solipsism, as unsatisfactory as its obverse.) Though Wills gibes (à la Willmoore Kendall) at liberalism's "public truth that there *is* no public truth," he acknowledges that the Kids' "major flaw" is their "lack of a social philosophy"—without noticing that this criticism, applied consistently, would prove as devastating as his criticism of the liberals. He loves the Kids because they have convictions (however inchoate) and style (however crude). And the Kids have never had such a benign exegete, patiently explaining the "New Civility" (what Abbie and Jerry *really* mean when they say "f--- you"), impatiently dismissing the notion that the Kids are subversive of anything except moribund liberalism (*"It is not Marxism that makes Cuba crucial to the kids. It is quite a different thing"*). His solidarity with the

Wills has assumed a crudeness of polemical style that is a marked departure from the standards he once observed.

Kids reveals itself too in his efforts to blame the excesses of the Kids on their elders. *"Part of the evil inflicted by our nice man in the White House comes from [and what, precisely, does "comes from" mean in this sentence?] the ugliness of resistance he inspires."* He means Nixon, of course; but why not, as well, Lyndon Johnson? or even Abraham Lincoln? They "inspired" ugly "resistance." But it is pointless to try to reason with this absurdity, which is rationally equivalent to Eleanor Roosevelt's deduction: "I was shocked to hear that not long ago, in one of our schools, some boys beat up their teacher. When this happens, you can be sure that the blame does not lie with the young people. . . ." If one *must* blame the Kids' elders, it makes more sense to specify those elders who fail to rebuke them for their offenses; those elders who apologize for them and even subtly encourage them by suggesting that their explosions of violence and obscenity are nothing but the ebullition of an irrepressible moral fervor. And, most of all, those elders who set them a bad example by debasing the level of public discourse. In a word, it makes more sense to blame Wills than Nixon. But it makes still more sense to say that those who are old enough to vote are presumably old enough to govern themselves. Otherwise, let us revoke their franchise until such time as they can withstand the evil influence of Richard Nixon, or Garry Wills, or whoever it is that moved them, during the turbulent years, to discharge their bowels into other people's wastebaskets.

This affectionate indulgence may tempt one to conclude that Wills is merely an erudite hippie manqué, determined to vindicate the Kids at all costs. But there is more to it than that. His recent radicalism is the ripening of a certain strain in his thought, whose growth seems to have crowded out other strains. Even his earliest writings, as I have said, express his concern for the soul's integrity, as against stultifying temporal pressures—symbolized by and embodied in the market—that diminish the self by forcing it to adjust to the undifferentiated mass of men. His 1957 piece on *Time* rather sweepingly deplored the magazine's synthetic and depersonalized style, *"the serene ambiguity of its moral tone, its abundance of oblique vindictiveness and lack of direct commitment." "Literature must bear the mark of an individual's mind,"* whereas *Time*'s workhorses, for all their talent, *"in order to live together and cooperate, . . . must refuse to think or feel with any depth. . . .* Time *can expertly* market *[my emphasis] what is salable"* because it forswears *"depth and sincerity."* In 1970 he would write of Richard Nixon: *"He is the least 'authentic' man alive, the late mover, tester of responses, submissive to 'the discipline of consent.' . . . He will try to be what people want. He lacks the stamp of place or personality because the Market is death to style, and he is the Market's servant"* (unlike the Kids, who are *"plunging, ready to take risks"*). And last year, in *Bare Ruined Choirs*, he wrote of the Berrigans' *"lonely No*

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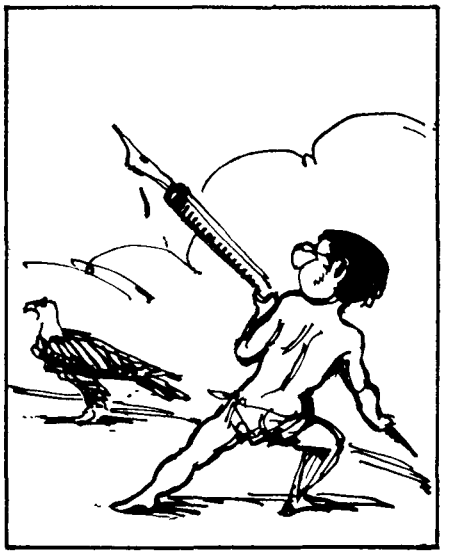
said to the System," their refusal to be mere *"mass-produced eunuch servants to the church bureaucracy."* Their rebellion *"is a way of going, individually, out to an edge of hyperawareness and risk, signifying in one's own 'breakaway' the most radical rejection of this order's living death."* The book concludes with an exhortation to the reader to seek his "buried self" by likewise rejecting the System. *"Life's streams lie far down, for us, below the surface of our lives—where we must look for them. It is time to join the underground."*

ALL THIS, eloquent though it is, is vitiated by its own lack of balance. Wills has a way of forgetting, in the intensity of his vision, dull but evident truths. *Time* is not "literature." It is a news magazine, by its nature a cooperative effort requiring compromise and consensus, allowing for little schematic writing *de profundis*. The Market is not the mortal enemy of style. Wills *sells*, doesn't he? And all worldly pressures may take their toll on style. Writing for the Market, after all, is no more degrading in itself than writing for a patron, or for a commissar. Rather less so, for it lets a man find his own audience (unless his goal is *merely* to sell), without the necessity of pleasing any single man—or committee. Wills speaks scornfully of "Ayn Rand's law of the jungle"; in fact, her cardinal social principle is that no man may initiate the use of force against another. Her argument for laissez-faire is not that "success" is the single measure of human worth, but that since men are incommensurable, they should be free to pursue happiness each according to his lights; free, as Wills would say, to be "authentic." The price of all social life is cooperation, which implies compromise. True, some things cannot be compromised. But the very genius of the American system, as John Courtney Murray has pointed out, is precisely its built-in respect for the autonomy of those few areas of human life—principally religion—that cannot be compromised. This system is of course imperfect. A man may even feel himself obliged to secede from it, deny it his deference. But it is curious for a man to speak as Wills does, denying the state's authority over himself, yet prescribing, for instance, cross-district busing for his fellow citizens, the sort of imposition of force on behalf of an abstraction that he elsewhere warns against. We are all to pay the price of his peculiar "authenticity."

Wills can hardly attack classical liberalism without distorting it. He represents John Stuart Mill as holding that "enough talk automatically produc[es] truth." Mill was merely unwilling to concede to whatever temporal power happened to obtain, either competence in determining truth, or the right of compelling assent, trusting instead that men were more *likely* to arrive at truth when permitted to discuss ideas without restraint. ("About those things on which the public thinks long," says one of Wills's heroes, Dr. Johnson [no facile optimist], "it commonly attains to think right.") Again, Wills stretches the market metaphor too far when he speaks of "a belief in self-regulation" as "the central tenet of the great historical school of liberal thought," a school that includes, he says, "Publius" and Calhoun. *"The belief in self-regulation runs into the same difficulties that plague the idea of self-determination—the impossibility of finding a 'self' to do the regulating."* Wills is not very clear on the point; but surely it is a sufficient answer to him to say that no two thinkers could have been more candid than Publius and Calhoun in acknowledging that government inevitably means—can only mean—some men governing others (think of *The Federalist*, No. 51). *Given* a self-governing nation, as opposed to one ruled by a foreign power, the problem for Publius is to design a practical and equitable system as balanced and inclusive as possible. Calhoun's problem, similarly, is to find a way to counteract the operation of a system that has ceased to be these things. It is one thing to prove analytically that these two thinkers failed to solve the immensely difficult problems they addressed; it is quite another merely to assert in the course of a paragraph, as Wills does, that they were in common pursuit of a philosophical will-o'-the-wisp. The final result of Wills's obfuscation is that it is never clear just who it is that believes whatever it is he has just refuted; a fact he gets around neatly by assuming that *everybody* believes it.



It is not clear who it is that believes whatever it is he has just refuted—so, he assumes everyone *believes it.*

BUT though Wills has doubts about a national Self, he has none at all about a national Psyche, let alone about his own ability to diagnose it. *"The Middle American is getting wilder every day in his fearful hysteria over the young." "America is hard to save." "Is America a racist society? Yes."* And though he himself had found McGovern wanting, he would not give the electorate credit for finding McGovern similarly wanting. *"Nixon's landslide was a victory for vindictiveness. . . . Nixon [won by virtue of] his better instinct for the voters' worst impulses."* Sometimes his chiding looks like self-reproof: *"We lied our way into Vietnam." "We cannot stop because we fear ourselves." "We no longer ban smut, just political views." "We have made the Marketplace our God. He is Moloch, and we sacrifice men to him." "We want to kill other people down to our own small measure of life. And so —so aptly—we have made even Nixon respectable."*

Why "we"? Why should Wills include himself in the general indictment? Whatever his sins may be, surely they don't, for instance, include having made Nixon respectable, unless perhaps by some sin of omission, a missed opportunity to jeer, which—given Wills's

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general record in that department—only a very exacting God would punish. More likely the "we" is rhetorical. It is more becoming for a Christian to denounce his own sins, or sins in which he has participated, than to denounce those of his neighbors. When Wills speaks of "our" sins, therefore, he must be understood in the same way as Professor Galbraith when he speaks of reallocating "our" resources. Strictly speaking, he doesn't mean "we" at all.

As Samuel Johnson said of Ossian, "A man might write such stuff forever, if he would abandon *his mind to it."*

As C. S. Lewis has observed, the convenience of "we," used in this way, is that it gives the guise of contrition to what is really detraction.

A man so confident of his ability to read a nation's soul shouldn't balk at an individual's. Wills doesn't. Henry Kissinger is a "hired gun," moved by an unprincipled "love of power." When Lionel Trilling warned that federal racial and sexual quotas threatened the integrity of the university, Wills commented that Trilling's *real* complaint was that "the mind's prostitution is not paying as well these days." And when a man shouted "Free Bobby Seale!" at a performance of *Fidelio*, Wills announced that Beethoven, in heaven, was gratified. (One pictures Wills, seated next to the deaf composer, turning Beethoven's head so that he might see their comrade.)

THE ADVANTAGE of such clairvoyance is that it saves a man a good deal of legwork. Jeffrey Hart calls Wills "a psychological Drew Pearson," and has termed Wills's technique of deducing elaborate motives from tenuous clues, the "bogus insight," and, elsewhere, "the Higher Muckraking." When Wills interviewed Nixon aboard a campaign plane in 1968 (apparently the only time he spoke with Nixon), the candidate turned off the overhead light. Whereupon, Wills wrote, he seemed more comfortable. From this impression Wills inferred Nixon's general preference for darkness—because light favors the handsome, and Nixon is "the least pretty of the candidates"; and moreover, Nixon knows, and feels keenly, his own unhandsomeness. ("He must be aware that people vote for him despite his appearance.") Ergo, "Nixon would like to carry on all his dealings away from the public—he *does* like darkness; he can only be personal where 'personality' is not an issue." He can't remake his face; but he can, he feels, remake his inner Self; and so on. Little did Nixon know, when he flipped off the light, that he had supplied a vital epiphany for *Nixon Agonistes: The Crisis of the Self-Made Man*. As Hart asked, what if Nixon had turned off the light because, after a day of campaigning, he was *tired*? Be it ever so humble, there's much to be said for the obvious.

The supreme triumph of this technique occurred, without question, in a column Wills wrote in 1970, when during the trial, Nixon prematurely alluded to Charles Manson's guilt. Wills, conceding Manson's "charisma" (*"no wonder he haunts the dreams of suggestible young girls"*), asked, *"But why should he haunt the President, and give* him *nightmares*?"

Yes. Why *should* he?

But *did* he?

Of course he did, Wills more or less argued, he made Nixon "lose his cool," undermine the process of justice (Nixon wouldn't have done that unless he'd had a nightmare, would he?). Nixon *"obviously doesn't like the dark spell that Manson casts. [Good.] But part of that spell, for the kids who succumb to it, lies precisely in Manson's gift for bugging their elders. And Nixon, by being so obviously and self-destructively bugged, added to Manson's charm. . . .*

"[Nixon's] minor legal infraction occurred within the context of an emotional storm overclouding all rational calculation. . . .

"Manson is the dark shadow cast by Billy Graham, by a religion robbed of all supernatural dimension. He represents the underside—isolated, driven out—to Graham's 'religion' of tight white conformity and blandness. . . . Nixon's reign is not only the epitome of the prosaic but a political deification of it. All other aspects of life, dark and unreliable, are to be cast out.

"And, cast out, they wander to strange regions, take on sickly hues, lack regulation from the upper world that tries to deny them. No wonder Nixon is bugged. Like Frankenstein, he fears the dark forces he himself is loosing on the world."

So there you have it. Nixon is like Frankenstein — Claudius — Macbeth; Manson is like Banquo's ghost, or maybe Birnam Wood. As Johnson said of Ossian, "A man might write such stuff forever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it."

Appealing from Garry drunk to Garry sober, who else said it better than Wills, writing, before his radicalization, about Murray Kempton? *"In this little, thousand-word world Kempton tries to give us the essence of each individual—as if the last newsworthy gesture of a Hoffa or a Nixon or a Luce could sum them up. This is a subtler, but more serious, reduction of man in the column that pretends to know and judge the inner heart—to tell the whole story, to build it neatly, with an O. Henry turn at the end—than in mere praise or censure of a man's surface acts. To be the Dostoyevsky of the* New York Post *or the* New Republic *is to have a rich cast of characters, worthy of any ten Russian novels. But this happens to be God's cast of characters, and the drama is a bit too large and mysterious to be fitted between the opening and final epigrams of even these brilliant columns."*

PERHAPS the worst thing about Wills's writing is his naked desire to *reduce* his subjects. He is not content to confute; he must humiliate. Those he attacks

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must be exposed as sinners and boobs. Learned as he is, he writes as if he had graduated from erudition to omniscience, and as if the ignorance of his enemies (he seems to assume enmity between himself and his subjects) deprived them of any dignity. He ridicules with a sure sense of the passé, the gauche, the infra dig. Nixon, of course, with his "silly Fifties mind"; David Eisenhower, with his silly Fifties face (it reminds Wills of Howdy Doody, and he thought fit to say so *twice* in *one* book); Hubert Humphrey; "McGuffeyized aunts"; "Fifties Catholicism"; Jacqueline Grennan, the former nun, whose solecisms he mocked so relentlessly in *Bare Ruined Choirs* that one reviewer in the *New York Times* was constrained to observe that "God . . . [stupid as it seems to Wills] loves even Sister Jackie." (*"An enemy of* Time," he wrote in 1957, *"will often find himself under fire, not for his ideas, but for his table manners. The magazine's writers know they can best kill opinions, in this age of rapid and undisciplined judgments, not by arguing with falsehood, but by laughing at gaucheries."*)

WILLS's own constituency, like Mayor Daley's, seems to include a suspicious number of dead people. There was Beethoven, of course; and he is also given to invoking *real* conservatives (Johnson, Randolph of Roanoke, Newman), in behalf of his own opinions, thereby suggesting that he is the sole custodian of that buried "corporate past" about which " 'conservatives' " "know very little"; so little, in fact, that he may now and again slip one by them. *"My favorite conservative, Dr. Samuel Johnson, was a 'bleeding-heart liberal' on the matter of capital punishment,"* he began a recent column; then adduced a pair of Johnsonian sentences that seemed to support him, and contrasted the wise magnanimity of Johnson with the "vindictive" temper of those who want to restore the death penalty (he singled out Ernest van den Haag and William Buckley).

On inspection, however, the sentences he quoted (one of them was in fact only one of two subordinate clauses in a much longer sentence) turn out to have been daintily—and misleadingly—removed from an essay (*The Rambler*, No. 114) whose tenor was altogether different from what Wills had led one to suppose. Johnson argues only against capital punishment as applied to those—for instance, pickpockets—whose crimes don't deserve death (such severity being, in his judgment, self-defeating), while specifically excepting murder as *the* crime which, according to "the common sensations of mankind," *does* deserve it. Other Johnsonian texts bear this out. He tells Boswell, for instance, that when the law has failed to punish a murder, the victim's son may reason: "Here I am amongst barbarians, who not only refuse to do justice, but encourage the greatest of all crimes. I am therefore in a state of nature: For, so far as there is no law, it is a state of nature: and consequently, upon the *eternal and immutable law of justice*, which *requires* that he who sheds man's blood should have his blood shed, *I will stab the murderer of my father* [my emphasis]." It was this same bleeding-heart Johnson who asked, "Who eats a slice of plum pudding the less because a friend is hanged?"

Wills is not content to confute; he must humiliate—as if the ignorance of his enemies deprived them of all dignity.

In 1960 Wills expressed himself on that kind of thing. He wrote an article for NATIONAL REVIEW, "The Liberals Convert a Cardinal," in which he reviewed an effort at co-option by Terence Kenny. *"Instead of tracing Newman's argument on particular occasions,"* he wrote, *"Kenny sets up a series of headings and assembles quotation and commentary under them. The quotations are adduced, indifferently, from all periods of Newman's life, and without proper attention to context. . . . To take his remarks out of their subsidiary place and make them part of an ordered manifesto is to abandon all hope of faithful interpretation. Careful selection of quotations is a handmaid of this systematic distortion of context and significance."*

What brought about Wills's conversion to these cheap, uncharitable, even vile arguments? Perhaps it was his overwhelming contempt for his subjects and his audience. Wills would probably deny it. In his preface to *Nixon Agonistes*, he speaks of his "lover's quarrel with my country," adding that "lovers take delight, even when quarreling, in the particular features of the beloved" (more recently he has written that he "loves his country too much to feel that it needs flattering"). But the book's jeering catalogue of Americana . . . hippie-hating redneck cabdrivers . . . Whittier's "topless Quakerism" . . . Miami's Republican boobies . . . the heartlessly derisive scene, invented by Wills, of Nixon's wedding (*"the serious young man . . . docilely lines up at the marriage mart, where all the gooiest extras —orange blossoms, 'O Promise Me,' illusion veils—cover the emptiness of the transaction"*)—all this has nothing to do with a love that chastens. The greater part of the book is, as Frank Meyer put it, "one long paean of contempt." "What is bad in the candid friend," says Chesterton, "is simply that he is not candid. He is keeping something back—his own gloomy pleasure in saying unpleasant things. He has a secret desire to hurt, not merely to help. This is certainly, I think, what makes a certain sort of anti-patriot so irritating to healthy citizens."

And after all the elegant baiting, the bathetic note of magnanimity: *"We must not, even, despise Nixon, but forgive him—absolve ourselves"* and *"forgive our elders"*—counsel pitched, clearly, to an audience that assumes it has been somehow aggrieved by Richard Nixon, assumes its own right to sit in judgment over him, aesthetically and morally; an audience not much in the

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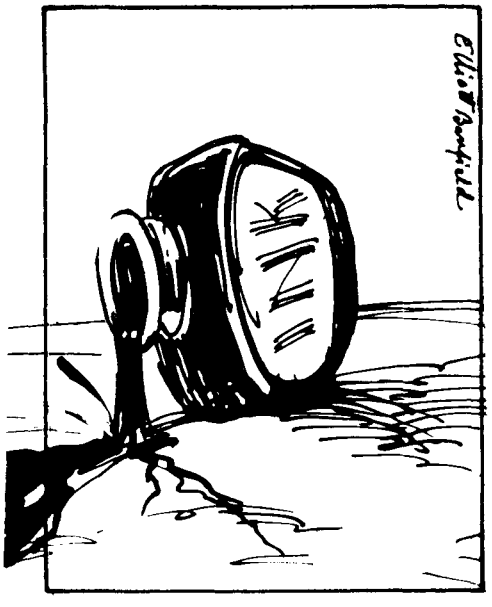
habit of honoring its own fathers and mothers (though it may rise, easily enough, to the challenge of self-absolution). A *hip* audience, contemptuous and contemptible.

Perhaps a clue to Wills's transformation lies in his fervent admiration for Norman Mailer, whom he calls *"the only living writer you have to read."* Reviewing Mailer's book about the 1972 conventions, he marveled that "no one else had eyes to see" what Mailer saw: *"It is not just a matter of skills, but of moral urgency."* What did Mailer see? That the electorate ("the Wad," Mailer called it) was irredeemably gross and base. That "Amerika" was like Nazi Germany. That contraception was bad (because Technology was bad). That abortion, though it might be murder, and uneugenic murder at that ("there was the real possibility then that abortion killed off more than an average proportion of good babies"), had to be tolerated for ecological and aesthetic reasons: "The world was in danger of being overpopulated with a new wad who promised to be as uninteresting as the mass architecture which would house them."

MAILER'S BOOK has its virtues, but perhaps it takes a Garry Wills to detect in it a special moral perspicacity; moreover, though Wills disagrees with Mailer's views on abortion and contraception, he didn't see fit to mention those disagreements in the review. Once more the terms of his praise are revealing: not moral balance, or moral truth, but moral "urgency." Whatever that means, it might be said in praise of any fanatic. Note too: Mailer is the "only" writer you must read; "nobody writes like Mailer"; "no one else had eyes to see." Uniqueness, even eccentricity, at all costs. Reflecting on his own reflectiveness, Mailer begins one sentence: "If Aquarius had a simple idea . . ." A big if.



"What is bad in the candid friend is . . . that he is not candid. He is keeping something back—a secret desire to hurt."

Ten years ago Wills wrote scornfully of Mailer as a "poor man . . . trying to hide the fact that there are no more novels in him." Now he adores him and even imitates him (Wills's reviewers often compare him to Mailer). And like Mailer, he is erratically brilliant, mingling his bogus insights with random profundities, loving subtle truths for their subtlety, despising obvious truths for their obviousness. Critic Richard Poirier speaks of Mailer's "perverse exaltation of the submerged at the expense of the humanly self-evident," and quotes him as wondering "if his vision, for lack of some cultivation in the middle, was not too compulsively ready for the apocalyptic," remarks equally applicable to Wills. Neither Mailer nor Wills would ever speak of a Communist "menace," no matter how menacing the Communists might become (*"If they 'got' us [asks Wills], what on earth would they do with us? Short of killing us all, how coerce us? How govern us, so precariously governable by our own?"* One answer: by killing enough of us that the remainder would get the message, much as they govern precariously governable Slavs). Neither would dream of saying anything someone else might say as well. Either would rather say ten precious things than one simple one ("If Aquarius had a simple idea . . ."). Perhaps this also helps explain Wills's bad manners. For though common civilities bind common men, the underground prophet may assume a special latitude for the sake of those apocalyptic truths to which he uniquely has access.

My own favorite conservative, Samuel Johnson, was of a quite different disposition; indeed, he may fairly be called the great champion of the obvious. To Johnson, the great truths are above all *public*, available equally to all reflective men. "Men more frequently require to be reminded more often than informed"; "Nay, Sir, if you will not take the universal opinion of mankind, I have nothing to say"; "Why, Sir, mankind have found that this cannot be"; "When speculation has done its worst, two and two still make four"; "Human experience, which is constantly contradicting theory, is the great test of truth. A system, built upon the discoveries of a great many kinds, is always of more strength than what is produced by the mere workings of any one mind, which of itself, can do little": In all these utterances one hears the voice of Johnson at its most characteristic. When he explains something, however magisterially, it is like the sharing of a common possession, a communion—exactly comparable to the breaking of bread; whereas when Garry Wills explains a thing, however brilliantly, it is like an initiation into the evanescent mysteries of the literati. His razzle-dazzle is intoxicating; but its intoxication brings befuddlement.

FOR WHEN one comes out of the spell, potent but not lasting, that Wills has cast; when one's ears have ceased to tingle with his resounding codas, it dawns on one not only that apocalypse is not at hand, but even that this turbulent world is a little stabler than one had thought; that though blacks and whites continue to harass and annoy each other, there will be no "second civil war"; that though Nixon may look pretty silly to those who surpass him in erudition and hipness (in what Hamlet satirically calls catching the tune of the time), still, American society is not quite "coming apart at the seams"; that though the Catholic Church may seem insufferably backward to the Berrigans' tiny communion of chic saints, yet the gates of Hell will not—not this season, anyhow—prevail against it; and that many things, though tediously obvious, are still true, and need to be insisted on with what Wills once termed "a Johnsonian humor, reason, and human balance."

Even as good old Garry Wills used to insist on them. □

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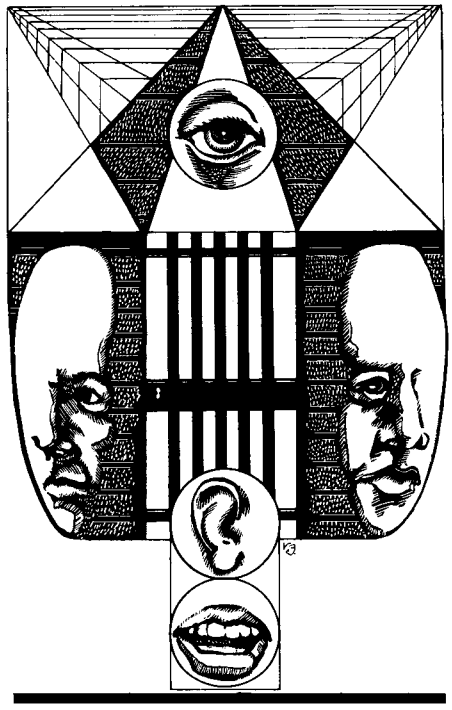
ATTICA

The author, a prisoner in Attica during the riots, recently got his hands on the McKay Report, and is here to tell us that that was not the way it was. Here's how some of the nonrioters saw it

The McKay Report Tells It like It Wasn't

FREDERICK WIGGINS



On the first anniversary of the Attica rebellion, the Special Commission on Attica, better known as the McKay Commission, made public its report on the rebellion. The following quotation is from the preface of *Attica: The Official Report of the New York State Special Commission on Attica*: "The main purpose of the report is to dispel the long-persisting doubts about what actually happened between September 9 and 13, 1971. The Commission is satisfied that the factual statement is accurate and complete."

Having been at Attica before, during, and after the riot, and having had a close relationship with several of the alleged leaders, I feel that I know as much about what and who caused the riot as the McKay Commission. My conclusions are not drawn from a mass of conflicting and self-serving testimony, but from personal observations and from un-monitored discussions with numerous inmates, guards, and civilians. Anything I write can be proven by official records or the individuals I quote. I am also willing to undergo a polygraph test if anyone doubts the veracity of my statements.

I say that the McKay Commission report on Attica is full of errors, half-truths, and lies, plus biased, naive, asinine, and melodramatic conclusions formulated to uphold the preconceived ideas of the Commission.

The McKay Commission spent $600,000 on its investigation of the Attica rebellion, and didn't talk to even one of the alleged leaders; nor did they interview any of the eight alleged participants who were being held in "special housing" at Attica. They did not interview Assemblyman James Emery, who was an observer during the riot, nor did they interview many other key witnesses.

Yet they say that their statement is accurate and complete. The Commission "unanimously" decided that 1) the rebellion was not planned, and 2) it was not instigated and carried out by radical leftist groups.

The Commission does admit that such groups were active and were gaining influence over the prison population; but still it says they weren't the instigators or planners of the riot. This ignores the fact that 95 per cent of the leaders were members of one radical group or another.

On page 109 the *Report* says: "The Commission has found no evidence that the Attica uprising was planned, either by avowed revolutionaries or by anyone else." My opinion, however, is that it was planned and carried out by radical racist and leftist revolutionaries.

Planning Ahead

Three or four weeks before the riot, a group of about 25 concerned inmates held a meeting in D-block yard. The purpose of the meeting was to see if something couldn't be done to cool the radicals down, the word having spread that they were planning a violent takeover of the prison.

L. D. Barkley and the leader of the D-block contingent of the "Young Lords" broke up the meeting. Barkley shouted: "We are going to take this joint over, and when we do you better be with us, because if you aren't we will consider you an enemy!" The Young Lords leader hollered: "No one can stop us now!" (There were approximately forty witnesses to the meeting and to Barkley's outburst.)

During a public hearing of the McKay Commission at the studios of WNET-TV, an Attica inmate testified: "The sociology class began as an academic endeavor, but by the summer of 1971 it had become a coordinating center for various radical groups." When asked whether the class had ever made plans for an uprising, he said, "No." If he had answered yes, he might have been prosecuted as a conspirator to inciting to riot, or even worse; I doubt very much that he would be foolish enough to incriminate himself like that. But the principal point to consider is that the radical groups had a place to meet and plan their strategy for whatever actions they felt were necessary.

If the situation at Attica before the

Mr. Wiggins' first NR *article appeared March 21, 1972.*

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rebellion was so oppressive as to call for a riot, why did only 10 per cent of the 1,200 inmates in D-yard take part? If things were as bad as the McKay Commission would lead you to believe, then it seems to me that one hell of a lot more than 5 per cent of the total prison population would have actively participated in the takeover.

Attica Prison is a huge complex of buildings and tunnels, and no one can convince me that two hundred inmates could take it over in less than two hours unless they had a well thought-out plan to do so. Naturally it took time to get the rebels together after the initial takeover. Anyone who has ever participated in a military operation knows that it takes time to regroup after an assault. It would be even harder to have an operation like this one go off without any kinks. After all, they couldn't exactly hold maneuvers, nor could they ever get their troops all together in one place for practice. Despite these handicaps the takeover of Attica turned out to be a masterpiece of its kind.

Be Careful!

About 8 P.M. on September 8, 1971, a prisoner, who was later to act as an officer of the rebel security guard, hollered: "Tomorrow is the day we take over. Be careful, brother!" There are at least twenty witnesses to this.

About four weeks before the rebellion, L. D. Barkley asked me if I could obtain information on the profits made by the metal shop. When I asked why he wanted the information, he replied: "When we take over I will need it to prove to the public that these capitalist pigs are using us as slave labor." There are at least eight witnesses to this incident.

"Coincidences"

The usual procedure for inmate teachers and janitors was to leave for school forty minutes before the students to prepare for classes and get the school swept before the students arrived.

On the day of the riot, four people on the school staff did not appear. They did not have call outs, nor were they on sick call. None had missed work in over two months, yet all four failed to show on September 9, 1971. They were all members of radical groups, and they all ended up participating in the riot. Three of them had leadership roles in D-yard during September 9 to 13. Could this have been a coincidence? Why didn't the Commission mention it?

Then there was the deal about the Times Square gate.

One of the principal reasons the Commission gives for believing there was no planned takeover is that no one could have known that A-block gate at Times Square had a faulty weld that would give under pressure. It is true enough that no one did know; but what the Commission did not find out—or chose to ignore—was that before the riot, the Times Square gates were never locked during the day. (I am sure there was a rule that they should have been, but not a soul paid any attention to it.) There are a thousand or more witnesses to this. And because the gates were never locked, anyone making plans to take over would have considered Times Square a minor problem. The fact that Officer Quinn was alert enough to get the gate locked was undoubtedly something the rebels hadn't planned on.

Ken Hess (one of the inmates murdered by the rebels) wrote in a letter to his fiancee: "Jenny, if you don't hear from me in four or five days in a row, call here and find out . . . because something will be wrong.

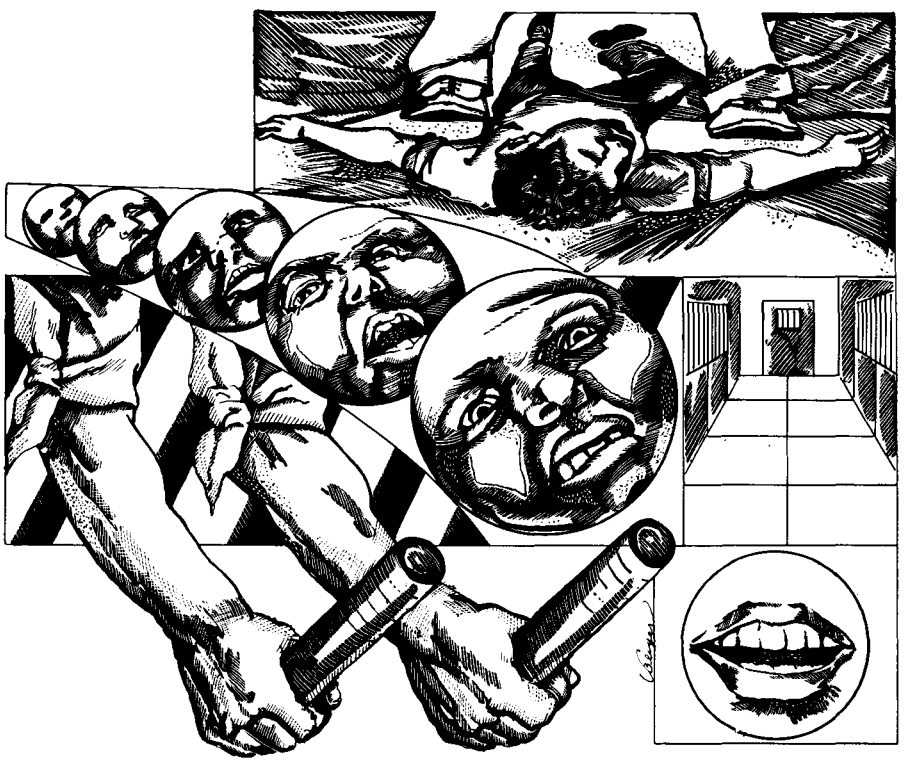
"Jenny, the mood of the people here . . . I'm afraid we are going to have trouble. Jenny, my love, you know I won't have nothing to do with it because I want to be with you as soon as possible.

"I could get hurt for not helping but I would rather get hurt than be here longer and us separated. Right."

The letter was dated September 8, 1971.

It would seem to me that Hess may have been warned against nonparticipation or that he may have known of the plans to take over. Whoever killed him certainly did it in a horrible way. He was stabbed over forty times, beaten on the head, and had his throat slit.

I searched through the *Report* for a mention of the letter, but it seems that the Commission didn't think it was worth mentioning. Could it be that they didn't even know of it?



The Apolitical Mr. Melville

A young inmate, now locking near me, told me that in A-block yard the morning of September 9, 1971, he was told by an inmate who later appeared at the negotiating table: "Once things start, get to B-block with your squad as soon as possible." The speaker then realized he was speaking to the wrong man and got quite flustered. He kept saying, "Forget what I said, forget what I said." My friend told me that he revealed this to the Commission interviewer, who didn't even write it down. (I'll come back to the Commission

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interviews shortly.) The inmate who made the mistake was a very close friend of Sam Melville's.

The Commission was cognizant of the fact that Sam Melville was a leader and a major force behind the Attica takeover. At least that is the way the *Report* reads (see pages 175-6). He certainly was head of the group that took over the metal shop. The *Report* reads: "Melville, a 36-year-old white, was serving a six-to-eight-year sentence arising out of a well-publicized series of bombings for political purposes of public buildings and military installations in New York City. He was an avowed left-radical of the Weatherman stripe and had been an active participant in political organizing and discussion at Attica since his arrival in 1970." Yet the McKay Commission still maintains that there was no leftist political motivation behind the Attica rebellion.

Some Omissions

The Commission seemed to have a clear idea of what they were after right from the start. They completely ignored much of what many inmates I know told them during the preliminary interviews. I know they didn't pay any attention to me. How did they choose whom to believe? I'd certainly like to know.

I was interviewed by a young law student. He was not experienced in investigative procedures, nor was he a competent interviewer. About ten minutes into the interview he asked whether I had witnessed any brutality by prison guards before the riot. When I replied in the negative, he asked if I had heard any *rumors* of brutality. I replied: "I thought this was a *fact*-finding committee. If so, you shouldn't be dealing in rumors." My interview was terminated about one minute later.

That interview indicated to me that the Commission was not objective. From the start they dwelt on the "guard brutality" angle to the extent that they were even willing to consider rumors about brutality.

They not only disregarded testimony by inmates but they also made light of Lt. Curtis' assertion that he heard the rioters shout: "Squad 1, go to your area; Squad 2, go to your area" (p. 185). Later on the *Report* states that the rebel security guard was composed of "squads" with colored armbands that would seem to give some credence to the Lieutenant's statement.

On page 111 the *Report* says that during a lull in the riot, "some inmates retrieved crude weapons from old hiding places. But the quick emergence of homemade weapons is no evidence of advance planning, since inmates in prisons everywhere keep such weapons hidden for self-protection or 'just in case.'" That is ridiculous. Maybe 5 per cent of the inmates in any prison resort to the use of weapons for protection. The abundance of weapons would indicate that a major effort was made to produce weapons for some type of violent group action. The production of most of the weapons must have occurred before the riot. The McKay Commission must have got their ideas about prisons from the Late Show.

Another point: If the leaders of the rebellion were not leftist radicals, then why did they ask for William Kunstler, Bobby Seale, and others of that ilk as observers? Why did they ask to be flown to a "non-imperialist" country? Why did they spout leftist revolutionary rhetoric on TV?

The *Report* dwells for several pages on the topic of racism, as allegedly practiced by the guards and society in general (see pages 79-82). I agree that racism was one of the major causes of the riot—the violently intense, deeply ingrained racism of the members of such radical hate organizations as the Black Panthers, Five-Percenters, and Black Muslims. Nothing could have lessened their unreasonable hatred of the white man and their profound desire to overthrow and destroy the white power structure. If you have any doubts about their racism, read some of their literature.

I am absolutely positive that there were some white guards at Attica before the riot who were racists, but I am equally sure they were a very small minority.

Despite its claim that the *Report* is "accurate and complete," the Commission forgot to include the prison school in its breakdown of the number of blacks who had good jobs. The two principal clerks were blacks, and so were the audio-visual instructor, five cell-study teachers, seven of eight library workers, two of three teachers' aides, the head librarian, and the civilian head of the cell-study program. Was it an oversight that the school wasn't mentioned in this phase of the *Report*, or was it a deliberate effort to omit facts that would tend to weaken the Commission's efforts to cite racism as a factor leading to the "disturbance"?

Let's Be Realistic

I am constantly amazed when I hear people say that prisons should do more to reform or "rehabilitate" criminals. Do they forget that the convict's parents, wife, clergymen, neighbors, and community all failed to reach him? How can the Department of Correction accomplish in two years (the average stay, according to the Commission) or even five years what no one else could do in twenty, thirty, or forty years?

The Commission assumes that most convicts want to reform, which is not true. Only about 20 per cent want to go straight and, believe me, there is no way in the world you can reform a man unless *he* wants to change. If you were a thirty-year-old black who had been making $1,000 a day (yes, $1,000) supplying heroin to pushers in your area, would you really go from prison to a forty-hour-a-week job and be satisfied with $150 a week take-home pay? How about the twenty-year-old pimp making $350 a night? Or the professional burglar who averages $50,000 a year? These people are just never going to be satisfied with a normal job.

Let's be realistic: All the rehabilitation programs in the world will not have as much effect on the recidivist rate as the deterrent factor of swift, sure, and just actions by the courts, and a prison program that will make the prisoner hesitate to return. Ultra-permissive measures just won't work.

Having access to the Stanford Achievement test scores at Attica, I know what I am talking about when I say that 45 per cent of the inmates here function at a fifth-grade (or below) educational level. It would take at least five years to raise these functional illiterates to an intellectual level that would enable them to participate in any meaningful vocational-training program. And this 45 per cent will commit more crimes, almost to a man.

How do you reform sex offenders, narcotics addicts, and the like? Their problems are predominantly psycho-

(Continues on page 699)

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LETTER FROM ROME, PARIS, LONDON, ATHENS

All about Watergate

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

EUROPEANS ARE treating America's agony over Watergate with benign neglect. Also with some amusement. As a seasoned Roman senator told me over drinks in his fashionable apartment: "It is inconceivable to an Italian that the American President can get into trouble over such a thing. Here we expect the government to take full advantage of any situation and we, in turn, all grumble about it. But so much publicity is ridiculous. After all Nixon didn't do anything that other Presidents haven't condoned and even encouraged in the past."

The old Roman obviously takes it for granted that Nixon was aware of the Watergate skulduggery. That is a typical Italian reaction. But with the exception of the Communist newspapers (which accuse the Andreotti government of doing similar things), most Italians, and the media, have shown surprise at the magnitude of the reaction over Watergate rather than the fact itself. The influential *Stampa* points out that "if Ellsberg did what he thought was right, although unlawful, and was not punished, why then should we condemn White House aides for operating on the same motives? This is a political attack to destroy Richard Nixon."

Heavy press coverage of Watergate has failed to arouse an apathetic French public. "It is not juicy, so it does not interest our readers," wrote one editor. Serious people are worried about Nixon's continued capacity to lead the free world but even they in general dismiss the affair as an American phenomenon. The authority of the Executive to take military action and to do anything he deems necessary in efforts to safeguard national security has always been sacrosanct in France. Thus, the ramifications of Watergate—the revelations by government agents that they had bugged phones for purposes of national security—seem totally immaterial to Frenchmen. To them a "*scandale politique*" is a "ballet rose" type of caper in which a number of Fourth Republic Ministers and luminaries were caught in all sorts of hanky-panky with 14-year-old nymphs.

"The Americans are boy scouts and go soul-searching every five years. We, unfortunately, are much more sophisticated," was the way that a prominent French political observer dismissed Watergate.

Across the Channel, in merry old England, both ends of the political spectrum have reacted sharply to Watergate, but the man in the street seems to have slight knowledge of what it is all about. The BBC coverage, always a good measure of priorities, is concerned with the new government sex revelations, Princess Anne's engagement, the cod war off Iceland, Northern Ireland, rising prices, the disfiguration of London, Watergate, and football —in that order.

But political and community leaders are worried about President Nixon's declining prestige and its eventual global repercussions. Britain more than any other country understands America's commitments—as well as responsibilities—and dreads the effect of Watergate on Vietnam, the Middle East, and the monetary crisis.

THE PRESS has been fair in its editorial comments, urging the public to reserve judgment until all the facts are in. This is responsible English journalism at its best. The *Daily Telegraph* has lashed out at American pundits—particularly the most vitriolic one based in London—for yellow journalism. "One thing which does seem to emerge clearly is the confusion which seems to exist in America between the needs of national security operations and such internal political carryings-on as are being revealed in the Watergate case. This confusion has been greatly encouraged by American media commentators and reporters, who seem to make no distinction between, for example, surveillance carried out to protect America's vital interests vis-à-vis foreign powers and surveillance carried out, illegally, for political purposes. American commentators, in their fever to destroy Mr. Nixon, and having tasted blood, appear to have lost all sense of proportion. Various of these gentlemen have sought to make out that Dr. Kissinger has somehow been tainted because wiretaps had been placed on some of his staff in an effort to trace leaks of information about such matters as the strategic talks with Russia. If there were such leaks, and it is not denied that there were, surely the Administration would have been criminally negligent if it did not try to trace them and stop them."

The *Observer*, the very liberal, consistently anti-Nixon, respected Sunday newspaper, had this to say: "Whether Mr. Nixon stays or goes are matters for the American people. All that foreign governments can do is to try and ensure that constructive world policies initiated by the Nixon-Kissinger team are not altogether lost in the process."

FINALLY, in a BBC informal discussion, a panel of Englishmen agreed that Americans are naive to imagine that this is the first major scandal to emanate from the White House. As if to make their point, the papers are suddenly full of Lord Lambton's revelations that he was bedding down with call girls, and thus subject to blackmail in the Victorian world of British politics. It was revealed that the secret service, or MI-5, had not only bugged the minister's phone but had also been following him around for months purely on the suspicion that he might be getting a little on the side. The Prime Minister accepted Lord Lambton's resignation with regret and then praised the secret service for a job well done in uncovering the truth.

Under the somewhat bluer skies of Greece the press tried hard to whet the appetite of its readers with misleading headlines about the approaching scandal. But to no avail. The temperature, having reached 90 degrees, found everyone on the beaches, and not giving a hoot about the heat in Washington. It was a very famous shipowner—wily, wise, cunning, and immensely rich—who summed up the Greek feeling about Watergate: "Nixon should be impeached if it is proved beyond a reasonable doubt that he did not know." □

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NCTE CONVENTION

Some Reelings and Writhings

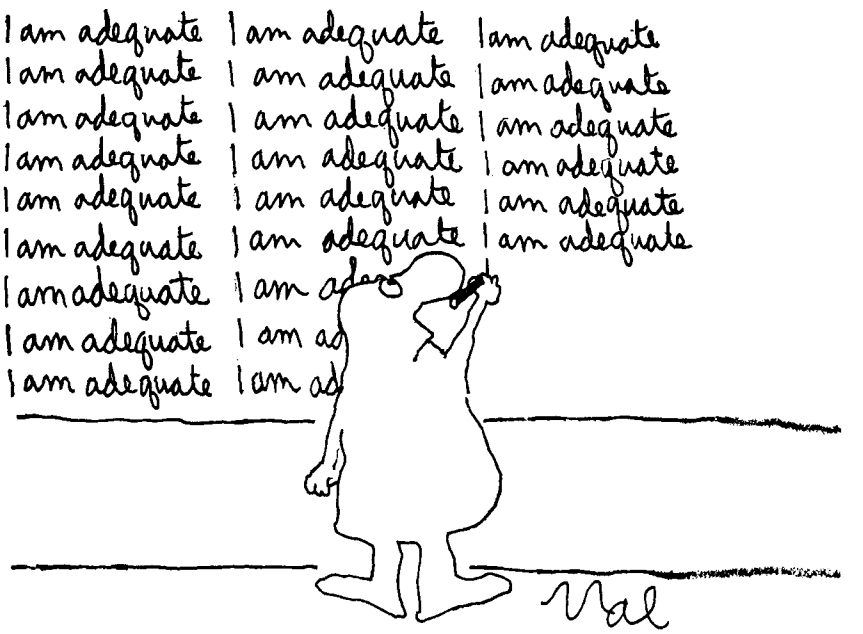
GEOFFREY WAGNER

ONCE A YEAR the National Council of Teachers of English (NCTE) bursts the seams of some large hotel to discuss what the Mock Turtle called Reeling and Writhing. This year's convention at New Orleans was characteristically crowded. Not only do these meetings dwarf any other conglomeration of English teachers, including the MLA (which of course includes other languages), they are far more heterogeneous in level and locale than anything similar. Wandering into one of these ballrooms, and wondering what balls could have taken place there, you are as likely to watch a spokesperson from Diablo Valley College as from Tuskegee Institute, from LeMoyne-Owen College as from the South Dakota School of Mines, pouring some coruscating oratory into a lamp in the evident belief it is a mike. For this is the nitty-gritty of English teaching: no Ivy around at all, mostly high school, community college, some state universities, and the service academies. And if Mrs. Front Porch wants to know why Johnny can't read or write today she could do worse than harken to the march toward mindlessness NCTE has been taking of late.

The plurality of the meeting was its pleasure. Where else could you come across a symposium made up from the ranks of Spachenkill Union Free School, the Miami-Dade Junior College South (a strong contingent), and the U.S. Air Force Academy? There is genuine concern about every aspect of English teaching, from hiring to firing, from techniques of classroom management to how to cross disciplines and survive. But the age of permissiveness has hit NCTE hard and it has swallowed hook, line, and sinker all the cult cant: e.g., a "workshop" in "How Can We Incorporate Women's Studies into the Freshman-Sophomore Curriculum?"; a discussion of Conrad's *The Secret Agent* as sexist (two Mss. in stern tandem here); the reiterated affirmation of students' rights ("Helping Students Evaluate Each Other's Papers"); problems of open classrooms, of various ghettos, and of remediation (now called compensation). Genuinely interested as a linguist in some enlightenment about "Indian Ways of Communicating," I wandered into one emptyish hall where we were addressed by a sort of Bella Abzug in a headband and a real Indian Ms. and Princess who told us what slaves we were to mercantile culture.

From there I strolled over to "What Grading Policies and Practices Should We Be Adopting?" The answer was none. I was introduced to what is called Contract Grading. In this system, since it is undemocratic as well as, of course, sexist and racist to grade, you contract with each student at the start of term for a grade, based on how many papers he/she wants to do. (A black student who asked what happens to one who wants a true grade was met with blank stares.) Indeed, such seems the logical end of the ever more and more open classroom where the teacher is an equal, if not inferior, not there to do much but manipulate media. It was rare to walk past a room in New Orleans without seeing some teacher clowning with film, tape, or other audio-visual "aids." Everywhere, from every side, from every rank, the mea culpas resounded. It is always, and forever, our fault. Compensatory English to the rescue, please.

The liberal mind that has Pied Pipered Johnny into this miseducation seriously thinks it is performing a service. We have opened the doors ("Making Open Admissions Work") and owe it to these kids to ready them for a role in life. This liberal then sees education as an emergency service station into the going society, a supermarket in which you learn how not to write in "labs" or "rap rooms" and end up grading your own papers. This liberal is the least revolutionary or subversive person around; he is merely continuing, running into its grave, a movement initiated in England after the Education Act of a century ago. Keeping Johnny vertical by means of media is consenting to, not criticizing, the worst of TV. Anyone who stands aside from this vortex of philistinism is reactionary ("traditionalist"). I asked one dean after his speech (entitled "Together in Harlem") what he expected literature PhDs to do about it all and he snapped back, "You've got to recycle yourselves." The machine metaphor tells its tale. We are meshing students into the standard society like cogs. The role of the thinker is minimized. At the NCTE Convention Lionel Trilling was a dirty word. □



Mr. Wagner is Associate Professor of English at the City College of New York. His last book was On the Wisdom of Words.

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The Lost Tools of Liberty

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

ANYONE who enjoys talking about individual liberty and the kind of institution that fosters liberty will run into the following remark very early in his career: "Of course I'm in favor of freedom just as you are, but there are certain problems that simply don't lend themselves to solution in the free market."

You will challenge that: "For instance?"

"Lighthouses!"

Or, to quote a doubly authoritative source, let's pick up the attack as given in a new book by Albert Kraus, the notable financial journalist (*The New York Times Guide to Business and Finance: The American Economy and How It Works,* Harper & Row, 1972). Kraus makes the point by quoting a passage from a textbook written by avowedly free-market economists. Kraus: "Armen A. Alchian and William R. Allen of the University of California, Los Angeles, say that the difference between public and private goods arises additionally from the inability to exclude people who would share in the benefit from a necessary common service but are unwilling to pay. A classic example of this is a lighthouse. If a lighthouse keeper could control the light rays so that any nonpaying shipowner would be unable to see the light, he could price his services in relation to what users were willing to pay. Since he cannot, government has taken over the task." Kraus is referring to Alchian and Allen, *University Economics*, published in 1964.

That seems like a conclusive objection, doesn't it? There's a "common service," a difficulty in pricing it by units, the certainty that there will be freeloaders, an acknowledged "public necessity" for the service, and the easy conclusion that a socialized program is the only imaginable way to meet the challenge.

Well, something of the sort might be said of, say, a program to clear a waterway of snags and other obstacles to navigation. And yet we have an historical example of a free-market solution to that "problem." It all happened in the Administration of the late and very great Franklin Pierce. When he took office, the Federal Government was paying for snag-clearing operations in the Mississippi River. The sainted Mr. Pierce preferred to clear the snags from the federal budget, and in an effort to get a balanced budget he cut out all such peripheral activities. And what happened in the Mississippi River? Did the river fill up with driftwood and dead Indians? Was shipping brought to a halt? Did lower orders of government have to step in with a socialized solution, because that was the "only" solution?

Nope. The free market, given a chance to think about its own interests, quickly discovered where the interest and the responsibility resided. All the ships were insured. The insurance companies had a direct interest in preventing disasters. The insurance companies formed a private association to keep the Mississippi River clear of snags. Those who had a direct interest in being insured (i.e., the shipowners) were willing to pay the slight additional premium cost required to cover the additional operating expenses of the insurance companies. Shipping rates rose slightly. Shippers could choose between uninsured and insured vessels—theoretically. In practice, every vessel was insured. Which is to say that in practice there were no freeloaders on the Mississippi.

SO THAT'S an end to the argument about snags in the waterways. It is an end to the argument about lighthouses, too, isn't it? It is in the interest of the insurance companies to operate lighthouses, and it's in the interest of the shipowners to be insured. What seemed, at first, to be a "common" service turns out to be a service rendered to an identifiable group, by another group whose interest is easily defined. What seemed like a difficulty in pricing the units of production turns out to be no difficulty at all: a general operating expense of the insurance companies is distributed pro rata among the clients. The "public" necessity turns out to be a situation of private choice. The inevitability of socialism withers away, and one more problem is solved by "consenting adults," if that term may be applied to something other than the obscene.

Next time you come up against this kind of problem, keep in mind that the trick word is "necessity." The other guy will claim a "necessity" for somesuch service. Actually lighthouses are not a necessity. The Western Hemisphere was discovered, mapped, and conquered very nicely without lighthouses. Insurance is not a necessity but a convenience. Shipping is not a necessity; get a horse. Necessities are: air, nourishment, sleep, warmth. And these are *individual* needs. All further economic goods are conveniences to be enjoyed by individuals who can be identified if you'll take the trouble to think about it. Thus the phrase "public necessity" almost always describes something that is neither public nor necessary.

GOT IT? Care to try your hand on a few exercises? Here we go. Identify the private interests in each of the following so-called "public necessities," and design a free-market program for providing the relevant services: 1) weather observation and forecasts, 2) airways navigation aids, 3) airports, 4) elementary schooling, 5) high school, 6) college, 7) medical school, 8) law school, 9) sound money, 10) bridges and tunnels and ferry boats, 11) all right—roads, 12) the truth about the Watergate affair. . . .

I am pointing out that the government is always the worst solution to *economic* problems. Does this mean that I advocate the dismantling of all forms of government? I am pointing out that the Emperor wears no clothes. Does this mean I propose that we all go naked?

Class dismissed. □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service, and publisher of the* Financial Book Digest.

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Funnies

Sometimes, perhaps too often, I dream of my high-school class. We gather in a time pocket: formal as our yearbook snapshots, acne retouched by the kindly photographer. Once and again we meet in a football huddle; I can dream-smell the sweat that none of us now has the time to raise. And 15 years' trouble is unanticipated. No November 1963; 1968 gone altogether. A second opportunity for Vietnam, Watergate: events still avoidable. Things change. My son tackles me now. Hard. But, on Sunday, there is a pocket very like the one I dream. Not the Christian liturgy, that has become a fashionable item: People fashion and refashion it. I mean the funnies. Their people, too, gather in a time lapse without future or the chance of doom. Comedy is static. It conserves.

THEY APPEAR in strict rectangles. There is an aptness to that. Isolated; I remember a hotel in Venice surrounded by water. I perceive a self-sufficiency, a wholeness in islands. Venice isn't too convenient for street rioting. The funnies have a tough, impermeable cell wall. Very little of the Sixties, the Seventies has filtered through. What does filter through is caught by antibodies, made harmless. There are exceptions, but surprisingly few. The newspaper comics mock Relevance.

Dagwood has that inexplicable navel in his shirt. Someone still waffle-irons the rear of Archie's head and he has been left back at Riverdale High for twenty years. Dick Tracy's Moonmaid manages to ignore the giant step for mankind: There are, she tells us, ungeological hot springs on the moon. Dondi is a pathetic casualty of the Korean War, stunted at age seven or eight by shell shock. After all these years Little Orphan Annie still can't arrange a pupil transplant. Styles change, but they wear the clothing of morality play figures: simplified, easy to draw. God knows they're more resilient than the Latin Mass or illegal abortions. They continue.

I have noticed changes. Smilin' Jack is no more. Terry and the Pirates was a late victim of the Vietnam war, Dragon Lady outpirated by the VC. For some months in my morning paper a small, black ghetto child, Quincy, appeared. He was pleasantly unradical, a sort of line drawing high yellow, too young to mainline or join the Black Liberation Army. How much poverty can you draw into a three by four rectangle anyhow? Quincy didn't last. Sesame Street replaced him, stupidly teaching the sovereign mysteries of Up and Down, Inside and Outside. And, except for the Sunday edition, Sesame Street is gone now as well. Replaced by Hägar the Horrible, a middle-class barbarian, drawn by Dick Browne, co-author of the middle-class Hi and Lois. Sesame Street was out of place, also boring. Simply: The newspaper comic strips aren't meant for children.

There is no urban humor. Serious strips tend to be set in the city, but a comic comic requires lawns, storm windows, golf, two-car garages—and neighbors. The comic strip cast of characters is a community; it's separate, a dead-end suburban street. And unintegrated. Cameo parts are available only for mailmen and door-to-door sales people. There are no manageable communities in the city; new influences impinge constantly, uncontrollably. The comic strip is semi-pastoral. Blondie, Hi and Lois, Archie, Peanuts, Gasoline Alley. Even, by extension, Hägar the Horrible and Snuffy Smith. It's the American small town, though a city may be implied some few commuter minutes away. Yet newspaper readership is overwhelmingly urban. An escape, of course, but not an expensive one: No more than a short Sunday's drive away. And therefore credible enough.

THE FAMILY survives here: game preserved. Divorce is unthinkable, unthought of. The comic strip zeitgeist has a moral force to make popes jealous. Margaret Mead should spend time here, squatted on her haunches: coming of Age with Mr. and Mrs. Dennis the Menace. Humor is the side effect of petty intramural skirmishes, a sex war fought with biface tools. But for Andy Capp—anyhow a crass foreigner—the woman is monotonously more cunning. Victories, though, that would give Gloria Steinem an inflammation of the bile. Blondie gets a new hat; Lois gets the grass cut; Lucy demoralizes Charlie Brown. Some profound earth upheaval has shut the generation gap to a hairline fault: Allowances, broken windows, messy rooms are the small change of father-son antagonism. After all, these people are islanded and must learn to coexist. A rectangle's pen-stroke border keeps them down on the farm. America's open society is closed to them. Even the stormy Louds, comic-stripped, would have come to love one another.

There is no death; they don't even

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pass away. Newspapers land on the roof, but you can't make out a headline. Golf games are unimproved. They go twenty years without a cost-of-living raise from Mr. Dithers. They never reach puberty; or, having reached it, they cannot consummate their loves. And the comic strips get penalized for safety: To be honest, they are often not that funny. Our superstar jokes, jokes that rip the diaphragm with laughter, are about sex and death and the ephemerae of politics. How many ways can you cut the lawn? Yet the comic strips endure; they train for distance.

Most of us break even, going all out: mortgage payments, thinning hair, chest pain, a transmission job. No headline surpasses the yellow journalism of an abscessed tooth. Crabgrass transcends Vietnam; hell, it's in my front yard. These are the opiate of the masses: a whining child in your kitchen; a bounced check; leaks through the basement wall. We read the comics because they are relevant, not Relevant. Though we suffer, there is no tragedy. Our hearts are refused burial at Wounded Knee, at Selma, at the ten dozen great confrontation places of our time. We are human, but never somehow human enough for the activists. And that's why there are no funnies in the *New York Times*. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Agitprop and God-pop

Costa-Gavras, the talented French-bred Russo-Greek director of pedantic anti-anti-Communist films, checks in this year with *State of Siege*. It flows naturally from the hand that fashioned *Z* (1970), again subtly distorting an actual event (the murder of Agency for International Development agent Daniel Mitrione by Uruguayan Tupamaros, a Communist terror group) and glorifying the Communists without so identifying them, the better to serve his real master —not art, but agitprop. Faithfully aided by screenwriter Franco Solinas, the Marxist responsible for the script of *Battle of Algiers*, another prop-film that put guerrilla terrorism's best foot forward, Costa-Gavras once more endears himself to congenital Amerika-haters and incites blood-lust among those who see no evil in anything on the right.

Here AID operative Mitrione becomes Philip Santore (Yves Montand), and the Tupamaros have been transubstantiated to squeaky-clean idealists of the Innocent Youth persuasion. AID reinforces Latin America's peonage, you see; Americans warm to the task of training rightist dictators in late-model torture methods; salvation for The People can come only through toppling the latino fascists, ousting the gringo capitalist sadists, and . . . To those so oriented, it is a comforting message, bluntly stated—"a cool-headed picture, written with gravity and seriousness" (Penelope Gilliatt, *The New Yorker*, May 12) —and you had best be braced for a nasty scene with your teenage impressionables after they've shelled out three bucks to imbibe the gospel according to Costa-Gavras.

Our contemporary tolerance for pap broadens: The tube reveals daily the unlimited possibilities of banality; rock music's king this season is either wretched Alice Cooper or the unbearable David Bowie; movies like *State of Siege* draw ignorant masses of American youngsters as dung draws flies. It preaches, puppet-people scurry about, but the film does not move. Chile's landscapes (the movie was shot in that Marxist country) are fetching, and no doubt the Chilean honchos are giggling between bites of imported Russian caviar as they ponder the ironies. Students of loaded dice gambits in the cinema may admire Costa-Gavras' nice touch: He dwells on the sebaceous monsters torturing the angelic rebels but omits the latters' killing of "Santore." Oh, his body turns up, the papal delegate leads a high purple-and-gilt Mass, and his widow and orphans look Kennedyesque in black and gloom, but the central event is absent. Elementary, my dears; one does not unduly muddy the waters of propaganda with unseemly contrary emotions.

In the wake of Watergate, with CIA activities in domestic affairs—strictly proscribed—now surfacing, we would be blinkards to refuse even to consider the *possibility* of AID malfeasance. Who knows what tomorrow's *New York Times* will disclose. But *Siege* is not aimed at enlightenment; agitprop suffices. Turn to *Scorpio*, Michael Winner's latest directorial mush-job, for a completely anti-thought approach to these matters. Here CIA agents Burt Lancaster and Alain Delon play out a baffling and boring game of hide-and-slaughter with each other and KGB agent, Paul Scofield, whose Soviet employers, we are instructed, are regular guys just like American spy masters. *Scorpio*'s plot is witless relativism. Of course all spying is a down-trip, but are there *no* differences in regimes? In *Scorpio*, none whatesoever; in *Siege*, *claro que si*! 1973 has thus far not been a good year for international intrigue cinema.

OR FOR holiness flicks. God-pop inspires this month's treacly malted milks of with-it religiosity. *Godspell*, I'm told by friends, scintillated on stage. Maybe so. On screen, this kid-cult retelling of St. Matthew's Gospel is all jumping and grinning and sweets-um-poo. "Day by Day" is a lovely song, as are a few others in the film. The kids—latter-day Jesus, Judas, and the gang—are fresh-scrubbed, nimble, winsome. A splendid number on the Prodigal Son tale, performed in mime and arch verse, spiced with old-time flickers on the Cherry Lane Theatre stage in Manhattan, is clever. The rest is the sheerest drivel.

Brother Sun, Sister Moon is Consciousness III à la Franco Zeffirelli. Like his *Romeo and Juliet* (1968), this film (sort of) about Francis of Assisi is luscious to behold; you want to reach out and caress all those pulsating young creatures. Maybe St. Francis *was* a simp; perhaps his followers *were* moronic. Maybe Francis *did* shuck all his

David Brudnoy's *anthology*, The Conservative Alternative, *has just been published by Winston Press. . . .* The Bridge *(Doubleday)*, **D. Keith Mano**'s *sixth novel, will be published this fall.*

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clothes in the public square to make a point about the simple life. But I doubt it. As historical recreation, the film is a travesty. Its acting, aside from Alec Guinness as the Pope, wouldn't carry it for a week in rep. But if landscape and flawless epidermis suffice for movie entertainment, rush to gawk.

BRIEFLY: One bright note: *I Am a Dancer* follows Rudolph Nureyev in rehearsal and in performance with Margot Fonteyn and others: *La Sylphide*, *Sleeping Beauty*, and suchlike gems; the Spitz of dance in prime condition; a testimony to genuine artistry; uplift in a time of cinema drear. □

OPERA

MANUELA HOELTERHOFF

Caballé's Norma

Deep in the Druid wilderness, women and warriors of ancient Gaul gather at midnight under the holy oak at the altar of their war god, Irminsul. With bated breath, they await the arrival of Montserrat Caballé, new to the forest as Norma, the Druid high priestess. Her predecessors in this terminal role (like most opera heroines, Norma does not survive the final act) have left mighty footprints to fill. In 1890 the hefty Wagner soprano Lilli Lehmann stepped out of her usual surroundings for a foray into the less familiar territory of Gaul. Later Metropolitan Opera audiences have seen Gina Cigna, Zinka Milanov, Maria Callas, and, most recently, Joan Sutherland, whose overwhelming interpretation has undoubtedly provided the heaviest vocal imprinting of all.

Caballé, apparently undaunted by so glorious a heritage, materialized gracefully in the midst of the tribal gathering. Chiding those Gauls clamoring for instant battle with Rome (that city, she wisely points out, will fall soon enough by itself) Caballé cuts the magic mistletoe and addresses the moon goddess with the well-known "Casta Diva." As with Radames' opening "Celeste Aïda," a superlative rendition is essential to the future well-being of the singer. Aware of her grave situation, Caballé bathed the lyrical aria in appropriately silver pianissimi. Then, as her thoughts turned to less pleasant things, i.e., the proconsul Pollione, a particularly effete example of Rome's decline, the cabaletta coloratura became exact and biting.

Unlike Sutherland, whose stereophonic sinus oozes out an enveloping flood of mellow tonalities, Caballé sings with a frontally placed, bright voice that reduces every sixteenth note of an intricate passage to a microscopic, crystalline clarity. She found a friend in mezzo Fiorenza Cossotto, who in the role of the other Druid priestess of wavering virtue, Adalgisa, sang with the same hit-or-miss intensity. Since both fortunately did the former, and Caballé by the second performance had regained her sense of pitch, this proved rather exciting. As Pollione, the third element in this bel canto menage à trois, Carlo Cossutta, looked softer than he sounded. Now working on his second Vestal, Adalgisa, and eager to return home with her before it fell, he combated Norma with some stentorian singing of burnished quality. This proved of no avail. Swearing eternal friendship, the two women countered with a "Mira, O Norma" duet that caused delirium in the audience and brought the first opera about sister-power to an early climax.

AND that was essentially what it was all about—Caballé and Cossotto, plus a newcomer, conductor Carlo Felice Cillario. He provided a remarkable contrast to his own soporific interpretation of several years ago (with the splendiferous Elena Souliotis) by doing things with the tempo that would have made lesser singers gasp for the downbeat. ("Oh non tremare" will serve as example.) The transparent reading of the score made Bellini's simple harmonic and melodic structure sound sometimes even more asinine than necessary. This suited both divas, who gloried in the sounds they were making, and at one point even curtsied to each other. Slightly less magnificent tones came from Oroveso's throat (Ivo Vinco), but he fulfilled his chief raison d'etre—providing a foil for Norma's last-minute emotional entreaty —with impressive sulkiness. You'll be able to hear all this soon, on RCA-Victor.

Equally moving were Desmond Heeley's settings, which in a rare instance of technological courage utilized the Met's capricious turntable stage. Gloomily golden, rich but never gaudy, the decor, now three years old, conjured up the image of barbarian lands without undue realism and without oppressing the frequently delicate music. The chorus wore nicer outfits than any Druid ever dreamed of, but avoided looking silly.

Impressed with these fluid configuration, one visually oriented person expressed the desire to see the entire opera performed on roller-skates. Until that time, however, the vocal acrobatic team of Caballé and Cossotto certainly suffices. □

THEATER

PETER HEPPLE

London Letter

At the time of writing, London's theaterland is looking nervously over its shoulder at a pair of bogeys. One of them goes under the name of "redevelopment," the other is Value-Added Tax (VAT). The latter is much more imminent and, for the moment at least, much more mysterious, simply because no one knows what the percentage applied to theater is going to be. On the Continent, where VAT is already in operation in a number of countries, theater is largely exempt, but nobody here believes that any Tory government could smile benevolently in the direction of culture, and so there are long faces in the rooms where theater bosses gather. Optimists reckon on a 10 per cent increase in ticket prices, pessimists plump for 25 per cent.

Redevelopment is the next crisis in the queue after the VAT position has been clarified; the resisters are already taking up their battle stations. Spearheading the counterattack is Equity, the actors' union, which has discovered the existence of a plan to build a six-lane highway from Trafalgar Square to somewhere north of Cambridge Circus, a project that could, on the face of it, slice the Garrick Theater in half, neatly remove the foyer areas from Wyndham's, the Phoenix, and the Talk of the Town and do the devil knows what to the Shaftesbury. An opinion

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possibly more informed than Equity's considers that this scheme will never materialize; likewise there are those who believe that most of us will never live to see the day when the Strand-widening scheme comes into operation, a plan that threatens to leave the Adelphi, Vaudeville, and Duchess Theaters lying lifeless in its wake. All the same, the barricades are being manned and significant phrases about "the quality of life" and, more materially, "the danger to the tourist industry" are being uttered. Peter Ustinov is one of those who has lent his considerable weight to the "Save London's Theaters" campaign, which is in a way interesting because Mr. Ustinov is acting in—he has also written and directed—*The Unknown Soldier and His Wife*, the first presentation at the brand-new New London Theater at the top end of Drury Lane.

London not unnaturally welcomed its new playhouse, but it is hard to escape the wicked thought that Star (Great Britain) Holdings, the real-estate company responsible, would not have bothered with a theater had the site not been formerly occupied by the Winter Garden and they were thereby forced to incorporate one into the plan. The complex also includes apartments, a row of sad-looking shops—all unoccupied so far—an underground garage, and an uncompleted restaurant.

Having been forced to include a theater, the developers have ensured that it can be used for other purposes. At the touch of a button, so we are told, the auditorium can alter its shape from end-stage to in-the-round presentations. The more cynical among us point out that it can be even more easily changed over from theater to cinema, an observation not greatly to the liking of EMI, the giant organization running the entertainment side, which says, hand on heart, that "once a theater, always a theater." In fact, what EMI is interested in is the convention business.

There was something rather sad in the way Peter Ustinov described the windowless dressing rooms at the New London, accessible only by elevator and totally dependent upon heating and air-conditioning controlled from outside, that made us feel there was a good deal to be said for saving all the capital's draughty and old-fashioned but above all human playhouses.

FROM the beginning of this year Britain has, of course, become officially part of Europe, an event celebrated by an amorphous festival called "Fanfare for Europe." This had marginally less impact on the people of Britain than would the news of a 2 per cent rise in the cost of living in Liberia, but there were a couple of galas, one largely musical, the other balletic, at the Royal Opera House and a whole host of theatrical activities under the Festival's umbrella at such centers of dramatic dynamism as Islington, Lancaster, and Nottingham, leading one to the conclusion that this must have been the greatest cultural non-happening of all time.

THE season's most controversial play was John Osborne's *A Sense of Detachment* at the Royal Court. This deliberately sets out to antagonize its audience by jeering at them and also by planting hecklers, thereby creating a breed of genuine hecklers, two of whom were set upon recently by the normally serene and gracious Rachel Kempson, wife of Sir Michael Redgrave, who descended from the stage and clouted the offenders. John Osborne's comment was not recorded but I believe he was probably delighted, because all too few plays recently have created any reaction. □

THEATER

JOHANNES EFF

Clive Is Alive and, Well...

I rise regarding *Nash at Nine*,
Which Barnes* found "slightly asinine."
Asinine, dear Clive, it isn't even slightly:
You harpoon, sir, oh *so* politely.
It hurts you so to kill a show,
Your sensibilities are such, I know;
You turn away with fine chagrin,
Before you let the shaft go in.
Such bigness you display, such mercy:
You wrote two paragraphs in versy.
Verse? Nay, poetry it was you wrote,
(I quiver as I coyly quote):
"I am thinking of doing the entire review in verse—
Or something worse.
The occasion is a wordsical called Nash at Nine,
Which was only slightly asinine.
It opened last night at the Helen Hayes Theatre—
And the theater has frankly known better."
Oh, the splendor of it, Clive!
Such singing on your lute, sech po'try, I've
Never read the like since Dante
Of whose *Comedy* you also would have certain anti-
Pathetic things no doubt to say,
Like "*slightly* medieval," "*slightly* fey,"
Or perhaps "*slightly* over-melodramatic in a *slightly* ultramontane way!"
(I do not think you'd apt to use the "slightly asinine" routine on it, however, because, well, while asinine rhymes perfectly though recklessly with *Nash at Nine*, it unfortunately does not do so with *Divina Commedia* nearly quite so well. I should however think it not too long before you hit upon the ending "tedia," which as you know is the plural of tedium,
Or even "seedier," which as you also know is the comparative of seedy and slightly more polite than "seediest," kindness-at-all-costs being your strongest suit, i.e., when you roast a work you never do it rare or burnt but always always medium.)
Again, take thy rhyming "theater" with that "better." Really, Clive, you surely see that is a no-no, ringing falsely in the ear, indeed is *slightly*, dare I call it . . . asinine?
You *must* try harder. Why? 'Cause if you don't that great, big natural audience of all such lovely things as *Nash at Nine*
May be denied its joy. Now, isn't *that* reason enough for such an one as you to concentrate an extra thirty ticks or so on what, ho-hum,
You condescend critterically to review, old chum?

*New York Times, May 18, 1973

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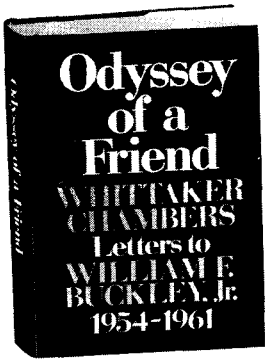

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BOOKS

Conservative as Sociologist

ROBERT NISBET

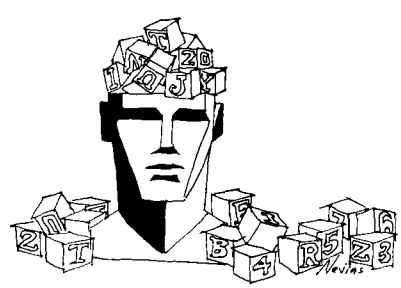
Emile Durkheim: His Life and Work
By Steven Lukes
Harper, 676 pp., $17.50

Emile Durkheim is, along with Max Weber, one of the two dominating influences on contemporary sociology. Both deserve inclusion in the small group of minds during the past century that has exerted substantial and lasting effect upon entire disciplines of thought. Both have by now been abundantly interpreted, their ideas made the subjects of many books and countless articles. Neither, however, until now has been made the subject of an extended and detailed biographical study, one that unites exhaustive recovery of the ideas, circumstances, and events of a distinguished lifetime with illumination of relevant historical contexts: the kind of study, say, Harrod did of Keynes, with whom either Durkheim or Weber can be fittingly ranked.

For Durkheim this neglect has been pretty well ended. Steven Lukes, who is Fellow and Tutor at Balliol College, Oxford, has given us an extraordinarily good book, one made all the more remarkable by the youth of its author, who is barely into his thirties. It is perhaps a book for the specialist, given its rich detail (and price), but I don't want to leave the impression that it is anything but eminently readable. The style is first-rate generally, the description of intellectual and academic life in France at the turn of the century fascinating, and Lukes' exploration of Durkheim's life leaves little to be desired.

The author tells us that the book's objective is, on the one hand, a thorough study of Durkheim's life and times, with attention to necessary personal and historical contexts, and, on the other, "a study in intellectual history which is also intended as a contribution to sociological theory." The first is accomplished superbly; the second only with the deficiencies necessarily inherent in the biographical approach, however well this approach is taken. Biography has its own canons and imperatives. Intellectual history, and also sociological theory, its own. I don't say the twain will never meet. There is no reason why they shouldn't be in fruitful relation, the yield of one serving the other. But they are nevertheless distinct and different disciplines. As biography, Steven Lukes' book stands alone. As intellectual history and sociological theory it will have to take lesser, though by no means negligible, place with the works of others these past several decades.

The book comes at a good time, and is one of at least a half-dozen works on aspects of Durkheim's life and thoughts that have appeared during the last year or two. More are on the way. The 1970s will almost certainly prove to be the Durkheim decade. For this we can be grateful. He is the exemplar of an objectivism that has been lacking, or at least overshadowed, for some time now. It is tribute to his genius that he was not washed away by the saturating cur-



rents of subjectivism—including narcissism, solipsism, and just plain peekaboo—which have been dignified by the labels "radical" and "reflexive" sociology during the last decade. "Epochs which are regressive and in process of dissolution," declared Goethe to Eckermann, "are always subjective, whereas the trend in all progressive epochs is objective." Let us be hopeful. No one, not even Weber, rivals the objective character of Durkheim, his concern with the structural and the institutional, his disdain for the subjective.

Durkheim, as Lukes' book makes repeatedly evident, is the exemplar of something else our sciences can afford to look to: rigorous devotion by a scholar-scientist to his role, and equally rigorous eschewal of the bright lights of ideological partisanship. I had not seen the following quotation before, though it is perfectly characteristic of Durkheim's views: "I consider that a professor who, even outside the context of his teaching, seeks to exercise any political influence over his students thereby often puts himself in a delicate position. For he is making use of the authority which is inherent in his post for purposes that are foreign to it. That authority is not his personal property; he cannot just use it as he pleases."

TRUE, as Lukes points out in an absorbing chapter on the Dreyfus Affair, Durkheim, then a professor at Bordeaux, lent his name to the supporters of Dreyfus, and he never apologized for it. That affair, though, for Durkheim was not so much political as moral. Like Péguy, Lukes writes, Durkheim regarded it as "*un moment de la conscience humaine*." Even so, he steadfastly refused to advise his students upon any course of action with respect to the Dreyfus case. Nor, apart only from passionate support of his beloved France in World War I—in which, early, he lost his cherished son at the eastern front—did Durkheim ever again participate in anything with ideological or political overtones. Throughout his distinguished career, right down to his death in 1917, not yet quite sixty. Durkheim's devotion to scholarly calling was unremitting.

It only adds to our interest to be reminded that Durkheim, one of the boldest and most original minds in modern social science, was deeply conservative.

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Durkheim's personal, social, and political conservatism has hung like a bone in sociology's throat ever since I noted it in some detail thirty years ago. Few sociologists like the thought. It is all like discovering some stain on the family escutcheon. Alas, there is nothing that can be done about it, though a few sociologists occasionally try. Lukes, in a candid and fair assessment, tries to extract a mild "socialism."

But it's hard work dressing in socialist or liberal-progressivist clothing a mind like Durkheim's.

CONSIDER the following views, all held profoundly by Durkheim: Authority is the key element in the social bond; discipline the primary source and sustaining context of morality. Theories "that celebrate the beneficence of unrestricted liberties are apologies for a diseased state. . . . Through the practice of moral rules we develop the capacity to govern and regulate ourselves, which is the whole reality of liberty." The moral "ought" cannot be reduced to either reason or interest. Religion is inseparable from the nature of society and in one form or other eternal. From religion indeed come all the basic categories of the human mind. The West is in the grip of a moral crisis that will not end until the cult of the individual has been terminated and attachments of individuals to social groups again made firm. In the interest of arresting present currents of moral anarchy *corporations*, intermediate to the individual and state, analogous to medieval guilds, should be established as the means of restoring moral solidarity and providing individuals with discipline and purpose. The state is inadequate in the work of social reconstitution; it is "as intrusive as it is impotent. It makes a sickly attempt to extend itself over all sorts of things which do not belong to it, or which it grasps only by doing them violence."

Those are a few of the convictions which put Durkheim in a tradition of thought in the nineteenth century very different from anything easily identifiable as either socialist or liberal. And it does not matter whether the criteria used are those of that time or ours. No, we'll just have to accept the fact that Durkheim was a bold, radical, even iconoclastic mind in the theory and method of sociology and, at the same time, very much a conservative.

It is unlikely that Durkheim will ever become a household name, as Darwin, Marx, Freud, and a few others have. Nor can his impact upon Western thought and culture be said to come even close to theirs. But taking Durkheim as he deserves to be taken, that is, as social scientist, and assessing him by criteria native to science, he does not fall far short, if short at all, of the others. He built an entire sociology around study of the nature of the social bond and also of the impacts of modernity upon the social bond. He did this in the strict role of scholar and scientist, never of prophet or founder of cult. He is fit subject for the excellent biography Steven Lukes has written. □

Between Ideals and Reality: A Critique of Socialism and Its Future
By Svetozar Stojanovic, translated by Gerson S. Sher
Oxford, 222 pp., $7.95

REVISIONISM ABOUT STATISM

EUGENE F. MILLER

The Yugoslav Marxist philosophers who edit and write for the noted journal *Praxis* have gained wide attention in the West for their bold and incisive critique of socialist thought and practice. Svetozar Stojanovic is a member of the *Praxis* group and a leading exponent of its "critical" or "humanistic" Marxism.

Quoting Marx, Stojanovic argues that a true Marxism will dedicate itself to "the merciless critique of all existing conditions." He disagrees strongly, however, with those who would confine this critique to capitalism and not extend it to conditions in the socialist countries. In Stojanovic's view, "Marxists must be even more critical in socialism than in capitalism, precisely because they are so concerned about socialism."

Stojanovic devotes a substantial portion of his book to a confrontation of the reality of socialism with the ideals of a Marxist humanism. His conclusions, which resemble those reached earlier by Milovan Djilas, can be summarized as follows: The degeneration of the socialist revolution has led in the so-called socialist countries to a new form of class society, which Stojanovic calls "statism." Stalinism is the paradigm of this new form of class rule. Under statism, the state apparatus coalesces with those of the Communist Party and other organizations to form a ruling class. As the collective owner of the means of production, this ruling class employs the labor force and exploits it, while disguising this exploitation by an ideology fashioned from Marxist principles. Because of statism, the socialist countries have fallen far short of the bourgeois democracies in providing for personal liberty, the welfare of workers, broad democratic participation, and minority rights of assembly and expression.

True socialism, as Stojanovic conceives it, requires "social self-government," or what is often referred to in this country as "participatory democracy." Under social self-government, the people will engage in a great degree of direct and decentralized decision-making. Moreover, all the mature members of society will participate in the making of decisions of general significance. All state organs, including the military and the police, must be placed under the control of representative organs of self-government. The political organizations, especially the Communist Party, must be democratized.

Stojanovic regards the Yugoslav institution of workers' self-management as a step toward social self-government. He warns, however, that statist tendencies remain strong in Yugoslavia. He cautions also that workers' self-management might degenerate into a capitalist-style market economy. Stojanovic joins some elements of the student Left in attacking those Yugoslavs (the "anarcho-liberals," he terms them) who oppose extensive coordination, regulation, or planning by the state and "fetishize" a laissez-faire market economy. At the same time, Stojanovic does not

Robert Nisbet *teaches at the University of Arizona. . . .* **Eugene Miller** *teaches at the University of Georgia. . . .* **Ernest van den Haag** *teaches at New York University. . . .* **Aram Bakshian** *and* **John Coyne** *are frequent contributors.*

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reject the viewpoint of the economic liberals entirely, for he takes the position that "socialism must use the market as its principal standard for evaluating productivity." He goes on to condemn the efforts of both ultraleftists and statists to impose "leveling egalitarianism," collectivism, and asceticism upon socialist society.

Social criticism is not Stojanovic's primary aim in this book. He wishes above all to elaborate the humanistic ideals that should guide Marxist criticism. He proposes to construct a Marxist ethics and political philosophy.

In carrying out this theoretical task, Stojanovic goes quite far in opposing some established interpretations of Marx's thought and even Marx himself. He rejects the view that Marx's teachings are strictly scientific and in no way ethical or utopian. He admits, however, that Marx's writings contain only the rudiments of an ethical teaching. One must go beyond Marx and even discard some of his basic principles in order to construct a viable ethics and political philosophy.

Like many other Eastern European Marxists, Stojanovic argues that historical determinism must be abandoned for the sake of a Marxist ethics. Man must be conceived as a being of praxis who molds and changes his world and himself through free and creative action. Yet whereas some have tried to protect Marx from criticism by attributing the deterministic side of Marxism to Engels or to later interpreters, Stojanovic declares that Marx, without being aware of it, continuously vacillated between the two mutually exclusive positions of determinism and freedom.

There are a number of other points on which Stojanovic judges Marx to have been wrong. Marx did not fully understand or recognize man's natural capacity for irrationality and aggressiveness. Furthermore, his typology of socio-economic systems does not cover the new forms, like statism, that have emerged since his time. Marx was also wrong in thinking that socialism is inevitable and that the abolition of private property can end man's alienation or dehumanization. He did not even notice that the principle of distribution according to need can lead in practice to injustice and inequality.

From the standpoint of political philosophy, Stojanovic's critical efforts are more impressive than his constructive efforts. He is able to break free of many of the Marxist principles that prevent serious attention to the fundamental questions of political philosophy. He recognizes that we must have a more adequate account of human nature than Marx provided to serve as the basis for ethics. Stojanovic understands that "freedom" and "creativity" are insufficient as ethical standards because of man's potential for inhuman behavior. He sees that societies must be judged in terms of the types of human character which dominate them and, in turn, are produced by them.

Nonetheless, Stojanovic fails to explore the nature of man's needs and potentialities or to consider if man can be understood adequately in terms of praxis. He refers constantly to the ideals of "humanism," but he never gives these ideals a substantive content by discussing what the "essential human possibilities" are. His discussion of social self-government fails to come to grips with some fundamental problems of democracy, e.g., whether the substantive ideals of humanism will necessarily be protected and promoted by majority rule. Finally, by transforming political philosophy into "critical theory," or the merciless critique of all social reality in terms of ideals that admittedly are unattainable in practice, Stojanovic leaves us with no basis for the reasoned defense of decent regimes that must necessarily fall short of the "ideal." □

Karl Marx on Revolution; The Karl Marx Library, Vol. I
Edited by Saul K. Padover
McGraw-Hill, 682 pp., $17.50

Karl Marx on America and the Civil War; The Karl Marx Library, Vol. II
Edited by Saul K. Padover
McGraw-Hill, 298 pp., $10

BRAVO!

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Had Karl Marx never lived, the world would be a better place. He gave material for endless arguments to intellectuals and powerfully helped rationalize their urge for power. But the great mass of mankind had to pay a high price for the amusement of its intellectuals. The population of Eastern Europe bears mute witness to the use to which Marx's ideas can be put. However, precisely because of this horrendous effect, his ideas and their development are of surpassing importance. They have played an undeniable role in shaping the fate of immense masses of people; and they threaten to continue to affect those who are not infected: Their lives will be influenced by their defense against various kinds of Marx-inspired attacks.

Certainly in the first hundred years since Marx's death, the influence of Marxism has risen faster than that of Christianity in its first hundred years. Yet neither the actual work nor the actual life of Marx is widely known in the Western world, and much of both has been nearly inaccessible to all but dedicated scholars.

Professor Saul K. Padover is now preparing a 13-volume edition of Marx's works. To my knowledge, the edition, ordered by topics, will bring together for the first time in English Marx's writings on such topics as "Freedom of the Press and Censorship" or "Britain, Ireland, and Colonialism." A volume will be devoted to "Personal and Family Letters." Much of the material will be newly translated; some of the material, for the first time. This is an altogether worthy and important enterprise. The edition will be selective rather than complete, but far more complete than anything available.

And far better prepared. The first volume, *On Revolution*, has been out for some time, and the second one, *On America and the Civil War*, has now appeared. Both fulfill the promise implicit in the enterprise by collecting numerous scattered materials under the same cover, much of them unfamiliar to most. One can argue with the selection. I should have liked a volume devoted to such social or "nonpolitical" issues as race, sex, and family. But one can always argue with selections—by definition they must exclude things in a way that, however well-justified, cannot but

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be arbitrary in an ultimate sense. Padover's selections surely are well-chosen.

For anyone who wants to study Marx's personality and life and the strong views he held about contemporary events and personalities, as well as the formation of "Marxism," these volumes will be invaluable. Not the least advantage is the excellent translations by the editor—they preserve the vituperative and sarcastic style so characteristic of Marx—and his informative and lucid introduction. There are helpful chronological tables, the index is complete, and there are fascinating photographs. Altogether the editor and, for once, the publisher are to be congratulated. □

The Forgotten Americans
By Frank Armbruster with contributions by Doris Yokelson
Arlington, 454 pp., $9.95

ATLAS OF MIDDLE AMERICA

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Real majorities, new majorities, emerging majorities, and that amorphous mass commonly dubbed "Middle America" have all attracted more than their share of comment over the past few years. Much of it has been uninformed or misinformed, as the data in Frank Armbruster's *The Forgotten Americans* make clear. Why has the picture of the average American so often been blurred or distorted? Because, Mr. Armbruster suggests, the picture has usually been drawn by alien, unfriendly hands—media men and cultural leaders who either have no ties with the basic American experience, or whose roots have long since atrophied in a numbing solution of New York-Washington-Boston otherworldliness.

The incestuous nature of so much of our social commentary, inspired by liberal academics, articulated by a few scholarly, sophisticated "small" magazines, publicized by journals like the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, and finally mashed into popular pap by a gaggle of sixty-second sermonizers on their nightly network rounds—all this interplay among a comparatively small number of elitists—has led to a distorted concept of America, a somber vision of aimlessness, despair, pettiness, and corruption. It is most comparable, perhaps, to a group therapy session in reverse, in which large numbers of healthy "patients" are strapped into chairs by slightly unhinged "specialists" bent on imposing their own value system and prejudices, and destroying the patients' confidence and self-respect. All this, of course, with the best and most sincere of motives.

THE curious thing about it is that, in the case of American opinion, the specialists have met with remarkably little success to date. Lacking a basic understanding of the American public, they have again and again overplayed their hand, or appealed to the wrong feelings, in the wrong way, at the wrong time. Often, their misapplied efforts have only confirmed Middle America's suspicions. And, naturally, whenever the people fail to respond to treatment as the specialists desire, they come in for another round of abuse as bigots, fools, or worse.

By compiling an exhaustive collection of public-opinion samplings on the whole range of political, social, and moral issues, Frank Armbruster and Doris Yokelson, working under the auspices of Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute, have given us an accurate, convincing portrait of real Americans. And in so doing, they have also given conservatives and moderates an impressive range of facts with which to refute many trendy assumptions until recently foisted off as fact.

What kind of American emerges from the mass of polls and samplings? On the whole, a calm, rational center-to-conservative pragmatist who wants leadership that solves problems rather than delivers lectures. Those programs, even the most altruistic, that bear fruit generally receive his support out of a reasoned compassion, but he is sick unto death of the growing cost of deteriorating services and programs most of which happen to be the children of

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Susan Wooldridge and Keith R. London take executives by the hand and lead them through the maze in *The Computer Survival Handbook* (Gambit, $6.95). . . . Hope Chamberlain devotes a chapter to each of the eighty women who have served in Congress in *A Minority of Members* (Praeger, $10). . . . Morris Ernst applauds most of *The Great Reversals* handed down by the Supreme Court (Weybright, $7.95). . . . Ralph Lapp's new one is an anti-growth tract, *The Logarithmic Century* (Prentice-Hall, $7.95). . . . Arthur Cohen's *In the Days of Simon Stern* is a novel about Jewish survivors of Nazism (Random, $8.95).

■ PAPERBACKS. If you're panting to learn how many pink silk sheets Jackie takes on her travels, read *The Fabulous Onassis* by former employee Christian Cafarakis (Pocket Books, July, $1.25). . . . George Edwards tells of his struggle *Crawling Out* of the rock and drug culture (Zondervan, August, 95 cents). . . . Nicholas Gage's *Mafia, U.S.A.* goes into the Big Guys' private lives (Dell, July, $1.75). . . . The porn gets pornier in the Land of the Totally Free. Brace for a host of *Happy Hooker* spinoffs (e.g., *Housewife Hookers*), and no fewer than three *Deep Throat* quickies from your friendly neighborhood smut stores. . . . Malcolm Muggeridge's life of Mother Teresa, *Something Beautiful for God*, is illustrated (Ballantine, July, $2). . . . *The Lord Is My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay*, by the Rev. Troy D. Perry, has a doting foreword by Mom (Bantam, July, $1.50). . . . *The World of Jeeves* is the first of a complete two-volume collection of the Wodehouse stories out (Manor, June, $1.25).

■ SPORT BOOKS. Tom Bennett edits a big one with over seven hundred illustrations, *The NFL Official Encyclopedic History of Professional Football* (Macmillan, Sept., $14.95). The same house debuts a new series, Great Teams' Great Years, with four September titles on *Los Angeles Rams*, *Detroit Lions*, *New York Giants*, and *Cleveland Browns* (each $7.95). . . . New series from Arlington House bows in November with *Who's Who in Professional Baseball* by Gene Karst and Martin J. Jones Jr. ($9.95), *Who's Who in Basketball* by Ronald L. Mendell ($7.95), *Who's Who in Hockey* by Harry C. Karipher ($7.95), and *Who's Who in Track and Field* by Reid M. Hanley ($6.95).

■ BEST-SELLERS. The best-seller lists mean super-sales, right? Not always. On the authoritative *Publishers Weekly* list late in May, John Gardner's *The Sunlight Dialogues* ranked Number Six among fiction titles with 39,500 copies in print (but not necessarily all sold). George V. Higgins' *The Digger's Game* was Number Seven with 41,500 copies in print.

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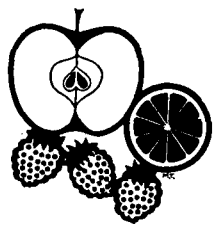
liberal thought and legislation. The more you read, the more you find yourself respecting the robust good sense of the average American, and the equilibrium he has maintained in spite of all of the tensions of the past decade, and the often offensive ravings of academia, the media, and real or supposed culture leaders.

Regardless of how the limelight is rationed out, the average American still seems to recognize where the real action and the real dynamics of our system lie. Consider, for example, the findings of a Harris Survey published in October 1971 in the *New York Post*. At the height of Naderism on the consumer front and social activism among the clergy, more people had confidence in business leaders than in clerical leaders, and more people trusted doctors and bankers than psychiatrists, the U.S. Supreme Court, television, the press, or organized religion.

ON THE downbeat side, however, is a steady erosion of what might be called "institutional confidence." While public satisfaction with individual existence remains high, there has been a strong decrease in confidence in the whole range of government, legal, commercial, and social institutions. This erosion seems to have been most marked during the turbulent middle and late 1960s when tempers and anxieties on all sides flared up. Obviously the great task facing conservative and moderate leadership today is a kind of institutional Reformation that will renew and deepen public faith in those institutions we hold valuable. Equally obvious, judging from the findings of Armbruster and Yokelson, is the need for a result-oriented, pragmatic approach to such a Reformation rather than a rigidly doctrinaire one—one that will produce real, discernible improvement in such fields as education, taxation, law enforcement, the administration of justice, and the over-all economic picture.



If this can be done—and it is admittedly a Herculean task—then the party or coalition that achieves it should be able to lead a "new," "emerging," and very "real" majority through all of the pitfalls, boobytraps, and charismatic lures that the elitist Left may strew along the way. Despite the absence of a good index and some less than ideal writing, editing, and chart work, any such Moses of Moderation would do well to carry a copy of *The Forgotten Americans* along with him on the path back to the Holy Land. It has its faults, but it is the best road atlas extant for that particular journey. □

FICTION

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three
By John Godey
Putnam, 316 pp., $6.95

The Crystal Mouse
By Babs H. Deal
Doubleday, 182 pp., $5.95

BEST-SELLERS AND NON-SELLERS

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

So you want to write a best-seller. Well, for starters, how about the hijacking bit? It's big these days. Structure? How about that minute-by-minute planned caper format? *The Day of the Jackal* proved it's still surefire stuff. Characters? Mafia and *Deep Throat* types are winners this season. And how about a jive-talking black militant (with integrity, of course)? And then, just for old times' sake, throw in an out-of-work mercenary who fought in Katanga and Biafra.

Okay. We'll make our Mafia dropout and our mercenary the hijackers, and throw in a couple of stooges to help them out. The black militant and the *Deep Throat* hooker, along with a few quirky bit players, will be our hijackees. There. Now what'll we put them all into? A 747? An ocean liner? Or—hey. How about a New York subway car?

THE NEW YORK SUBWAY? You must be nuts. People don't even want to ride in the thing, much less read about it. And who'd *believe* it? A high-grade mercenary hijacking a subway train would be like Willie Sutton knocking over a mom and pop candy story. And who'd pay the ransom? The City of New York? Lindsay can't even come up with enough money to pick up the garbage, for God's sake. A million bucks for a sorry pack of kooks? You must be nuts.

But wait. Look at it this way. Believable or not, New York is the bookselling center of the nation, and every New York book buyer has ridden those damned subways. If it were about the Topeka Rapid Transit System, a vanity press wouldn't touch it. But New York is where it's at, baby.

Pelham One Two Three may not be much of a novel when measured by standard literary criteria. But it's got best-seller plus movie rights written all over it. Godey has pulled off the literary hijack of the year.

GODEY has done his damndest to bring off a best-seller. But Babs Deal seems just as intent on writing non-sellers. Since the late Fifties she's been turning out novels that receive fine, thoughtful reviews and then quietly disappear. And it's a shame, for hers is a considerable talent, her sentences lucid and polished, her technique Jamesian—that is, we watch her narrative unfold through the eyes of her characters. She shows, rather than tells.

But the problem is that her subjects are just too small, never quite worthy of her talent. In *The Crystal Mouse*, the central character, Sara Hillstrom, is an unintelligent (she "read William Buckley, even though he often baffled her, and Art Buchwald, even though he always did"), uninteresting, recently widowed, middle-aged woman. During the three days after her husband's funeral, the ritualistic and superficial order she has imposed on her life collapses, and the deeper things in her nature and experience that she has sublimated rise to the surface, overwhelm her consciousness, and literally destroy her.

The plot flows, but the devices creak. There's a bit of trendy stuff tossed in—

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women's lib, the Jesus movement—and some standard Gothic novel touches—a deserted building, strange night noises, mysterious laughter. Mrs. Radcliffe did it better.

The problem remains, however, that toward the end of the novel we almost hope our heroine will fall down the elevator shaft of the deserted condominium she suffers in. And that sort of thing just doesn't help sales. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CUBA 1933: *Prologue to Revolution, by Luis E. Aguilar (Cornell, 256 pp., $9.50).* Luis Aguilar here tries to put Fidel Castro's revolution into historical perspective (rarely done, this), arguing that Castro's triumph must be seen in its relationship to the revolutionary attitudes and activities which began in the mid-1920s and flowered at the time of Grau San Martin's short-lived "Revolutionary Government" in 1933. Though introductory chapters reach back into the nineteenth century, his study emphasizes the political, economic, and social changes which took place between 1924 and 1934, particularly the growth of moderate (pro-Cuban) and radical (anti-Yankee) nationalism. In the last chapter he traces (all too briefly) the changes made in Cuba between 1934 and 1959 by the men (including Grau, Prío, and Batista) and the ideas of Cuba 1933, and the frustrations which developed as a result of increasing political corruption and military rule. According to Aguilar, Castro "interpreted correctly the signs of the time" during the 1950s when he promised elections, constitutional government, and generally to "remake the broken dream" of the 1930s. He concludes his study in 1959 when Castro "drastically changed his course and the course of Cuban history toward an unexpected, formidable, tragic, and still unreached objective." A well-researched and informative book.

W. E. RATLIFF

THE TIGER WAITS, *by Anton Myrer (Norton, 378 pp., $7.95).* This is one of those ponderous power-in-Washington novels by someone who doesn't quite understand how it really works. The ingredients are familiar—the world is poised on the brink of nuclear confrontation, there are miscalculations in the White House, there's an improbable love affair. Myrer is obviously an avid novel reader. There's a bit of Cozzens, a touch of Wouk, a large dose of Drury, and a good deal of Marquand. And the love affair, especially in its more intimate moments, reads like a bad parody of Hemingway. One of the best closing lines in fiction is Jake Barnes's in *The Sun Also Rises*: "'Yes,' I said. 'Isn't it pretty to think so?'" Now here's Myrer's improbable heroine, at the end of the first of many couplings: "'Yeah,' she said. 'Isn't it fun to think that?'" Enough. It's that kind of novel.

J. R. COYNE JR.

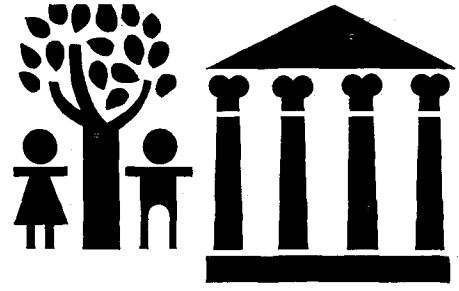
CHICAGO: *A Personal History of America's Most American City, by Finis Farr (Arlington, 428 pp., $12.95).* Finis Farr's "personal history" of Chicago tells us more about Mr. Farr than it does about Chicago. In general, he admires everything that was transplanted to nineteenth-century Chicago from the Eastern seaboard and is repelled by all that is indigenous or contemporary. For Farr the city's golden age began with the 1893 Columbian Exposition and ended with America's entry into the First World War. He has nothing but undisguised contempt for the Chicago of the 1960s and 1970s. Yet the important question to ask about Chicago is why is it the only American metropolis that still "works." The answer will not be found at the tea tables of the nineteenth-century near-North Side. Farr despises Mayor Richard J. Daley whom he describes as ignorant and vain, "an embarrassing anachronism in 1968." And his description of Chicago police officers is, implicitly, his perception of most contemporary Chicagoans: "six-pack, blue-collar men of the sort who stand in reverence to the National Anthem before a wrestling match or the first race at a dog track and choke with anger when they think of a dirty Red showing disrespect to Our Flag." The people who made Chicago what it is today are not the immigrants from Boston but the immigrants from Ireland, Italy, Greece, Sweden, Germany, Russia, Poland, and the American South. If you want to understand Chicago read George Ade, *Studs Lonigan*, or *Raisin in the Sun*—not Finis Farr's *Chicago*.

S. THORSON

THE WINTER WAR, *by Eloise Engle and Lauri Paananen (Scribner's, 176 pp., $7.95).* The Russians thought it would be a week's work: a *Blitzkrieg* against Finland to make her a Poland of the North. It became, instead, a catastrophe for Russia on the scale of the First World War: In less than four months of fighting, nearly a million Russians died. As an outraged world watched, the Finnish armed forces, with sharpshooters, skiers, scholar-generals, a tiny air force, and artillery dating to the Franco-Prussian war, held the Red Army on the Karelian peninsula and, in the North, trapped the enemy in pockets called *mottis* and annihilated them. The hard-won Russian victory—for tanks and a murderous artillery attack finally overcame the exhausted Finns—resulted in the abolition of the dreaded Red Army *Politruks*, the reinstatement of ranks, a reshuffling of the high command. It also taught the Russians that they could not count on machinery alone to win wars. According to the authors, 60 per cent of the Russian soldiers were untrained. Here was a horde if there ever was one: the khaki-clad infantry, hands locked together, shouting and singing, marching into the Finns' deadly Suomi machine-guns. The watching Germans wrote the Red Army off: *The Winter War* is heavy with historical consequence. Engle's and Paananen's book is adequate to the task, but no more. They are understandably partisan to the Finns and they caricature their cheer and heroic abandon. The writing is sometimes limp, sometimes sophomoric (the Finns "laughed grimly" at a joke "as they noted their bullets bouncing harmlessly off the oncoming tanks"). The last and best word has not been written about this fierce struggle which shaped the destiny of Europe.

J. H. CHATFIELD

YOUNG MEN AND MILITARY SERVICE, *by Jerome Johnston and Jerald G. Bachman (Institute for Social Research, U. of Michigan, 254 pp., $8; $5, paper).* This is the fifth part of a research project that interviewed 2,213 young men as they progressed through and beyond high school. One result is some valuable evidence on who enlists in the Armed Forces and why: The enlistees were *not* of lower intelligence or from deprived backgrounds, they were *not* individuals who had done poorly



in school or who were looking for an easy job. Instead, the main difference between enlistees and non-enlistees (aside from anti-Vietnam sentiment) appears to hinge on the lure of higher education versus immediate financial gain. The authors therefore suggest using high-school counselors to explain an expanded GI Bill—one which would provide up to $10,000 for college expenses in exchange for four years of service (before or after college). The arguments against a volunteer army are completely demolished in Chapter Eleven, but the authors admit that voluntarism alone will not automatically provide a broadly based force with a substantial proportion of non-career men. Educational incentives would appeal to those who aren't responsive to short-term monetary rewards, and excessive professionalization could be prevented by encouraging turnover through, for example, partial pensions before twenty years of service. The unique achievement of this study is that it asks what motivates young men to enlist, and then designs a system of incentives to attract the right type of volunteer army.

A. REYNOLDS

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WIGGINS

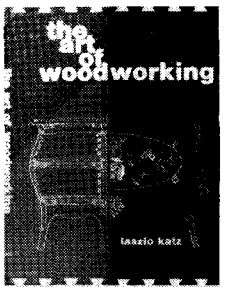
(Continued from page 684)

logical, and so far no programs have worked very well with them. If the urge to change is there, it can be fanned into the flame of individual reform. If it isn't there, neither the Commission nor anyone else can put it there, and noble-sounding ideas about prison reform (like the Commission's) are of no use.

I would like to conclude with a few remarks about the authorities' handling of the rebellion. I won't go into great detail, but suffice it to say that I see no way that Governor Rockefeller's presence at Attica could have changed the eventual outcome for the better. He could not have granted amnesty to the rebels without seriously undermining the authority of every prison official in the country. Nor could he have promised to commute any sentences arising from the rebellion. To do so would have set a dangerous precedent, and would also have been an insult to the judicial and police forces of the country. In the first place, no one has the authority to guarantee commutation of a sentence before a person is found guilty of a crime. To do so would have made a farce of any subsequent trial. Who could take any trial seriously when the outcome was foreordained?

Under the circumstances at Attica on September 13, I think the authorities of the State of New York had no alternative but to retake the prison by force. It is hard to say whether the re-takeover could have been better planned, but I am inclined to agree that there was excessive gunfire—though I hesitate to say so for sure because I could not see everything that was happening. The rioters themselves were partially responsible for the hail of gunfire. Did you ever see people lined up in front of you with knives at their throats? Did you ever hear a man scream over and over again "I don't want to die" while his head was pulled back and a knife at his throat?

It isn't any wonder to me that people—even trained law officers—could overreact (if that is what they did) under those conditions. It is all well and good to say they shouldn't have; that may be true, but why attribute qualities to them that you and I don't have? Shotguns were a poor weapon to use at close quarters, but hindsight is always 20/20. There were no precedents and no guidelines. Never had so



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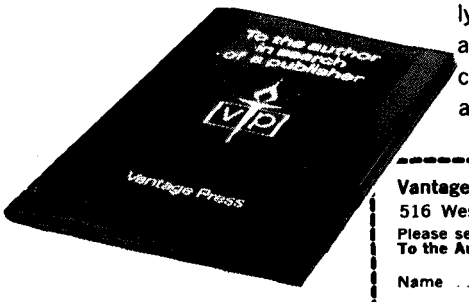

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

HENRY SCHUMACHER:

Energy Demands

Many eloquent "wind bags" oppose offshore oil drilling, the construction of an oil pipeline through Alaska, and nuclear power plants. But they do want plenty of heat in the winter, air conditioning in the summer, a cabin cruiser, two cars, and a jet waiting at the airport.

(Letter in the *New York Daily News.*)

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large a group of prison rioters been so intransigent for so long; naturally it was hard to formulate the perfect plan for the takeover.

If the incident the National Guardsman claims to have seen did take place, where some correction officers had an inmate in a room and were beating him, then those officers should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. They too are criminals. If certain correction officers knowingly fired weapons into D-block yard against orders, they should be fired.

I would just like to add that 90 per cent of the inmates at Attica get along fine with one another and with the guards. We ask no special favors. We ask only that we be judged on our individual merits as human beings. When we leave Attica, don't judge us as evil incarnate just because we happen to have been at Attica during the rebellion.

We seek nothing but a fair chance to prove ourselves worthy of your trust. Yes, a large percentage will return to prison, but some of us will make it. Yes, we have erred, but we have paid for our errors, and being in prison is paying plenty—it ain't easy.

Remember, only 5 per cent of the inmate population participated in the Attica rebellion, and none of that group represents the typical man at Attica. □

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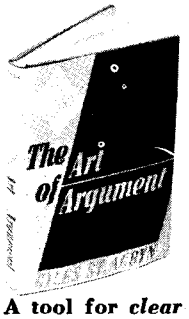

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BURNHAM

(Continued from page 675)

dud in Greece. The only special police measures I could see during the weekend following it were some extra traffic cops to cope with the flood of cars from Athens to the beaches and tavernas of Glyfahda. The night after the aborted naval minicoup, our yacht was tied up in the harbor of the northern city of Kavalla, a hundred yards from a large Greek naval vessel. There was no guard on duty, and the sailors were enjoying themselves throughout the line of dockside tavernas and cafés. An official spokesman's description of the naval action as "without ideological foundation or personal boldness" seems fair enough. I spent a day of walking and bus-riding in Athens and its suburbs in search of police or military precautions against the threat of this naval affair and the break with Constantine toward which it was obviously heading, and found nothing. Nor does there seem to have been any serious repercussions from the decree of Constantine's deposition or his counterappeal to the people. Most Greeks, I imagine, are more than a little cynical about this rallying of the professionally anti-monarchist unemployed politicians around the person of the king manipulated (as all Greeks believe) by that perennial *intrigante,* his mother Frederika. The Greek monarchy has never had popular roots. (Besides "democracy," it may be recalled, "demagogy" is also a Greek invention—and "tyranny.")

Need for Change

A coup well enough planned and led always has a chance of success against any regime. But I do not think any mass-based movement capable of replacing the present Greek regime exists at present. Temporarily at least, its position may be strengthened by the ouster of Constantine. But Greece is already beginning to suffer from that integral disease of increasing prosperity, inflation, and it seems inevitable that resentment against the suppression of political activity must be spreading. The Colonels now promise an election by the end of next year. If they do not manage, in that way or some other, to open up a wider field for legal opposition, the dissidents of all sorts will find an outlet only in the illegal opposition—dominated by the Communists—that is already the most formidable, though still largely hidden, threat to the regime. □

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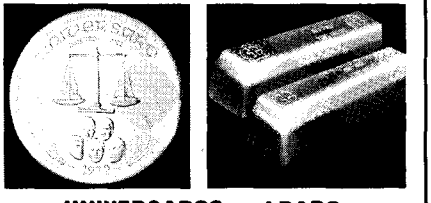

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Justice and the Nixon Loyalists

On The Right

New York, June 5—In Washington you can still find dewy-eyed loyalists who believe that Richard Nixon is wholly, totally, innocent of any involvement of a disreputable kind in the Watergate complex. I am not here to say that they are wrong. Not infrequently innocent faith is exactly on the mark, and I for one (for example) believe that the position of William Jennings Bryan, during the Scopes trial, rated by history as the innocent fundamentalist of the occasion, was much closer to the truth than that of the sophisticated Clarence Darrow, rated by history as the modernist. But on one point the Nixon loyalists in Washington are outraged in a way that finds them begging for opportunities to document their case objectively. One of them said bitterly the other day: "The *Washington Post* considers it newsworthy only when testimony is given before the Senate Committee that is damaging to Nixon." On the man-bites-dog test of the newsworthiness, this is not so surprising if it is generally accepted that anything pro-Nixon-as-innocent-until-proven-guilty is not news, it is mere supererogation. Or can it be held that the anti-Nixon case is now so widely accepted (by 58 per cent of the American public, according to Gallup) that in fact anything that suggests Nixon's non-complicity in Watergate becomes the *real* news story?

Another observer complained of the difference between the handling by the *Washington Post* and by the *New York Times*, on the very same day, of the testimony of Gerald Alch. Alch severely challenged the credibility of his former client, James McCord. That story, comforting to the Nixon forces, made the major headline in the *New York Times* the next day. The *Washington Post* did not even carry the story on the front page. Indeed the *Post* has become a prosecutorial newspaper, ablaze with its mission to bring about the downfall of the Nixon Administration.

It is relevant to inquire whether in the heat of its passion, which it shares with many Americans, particularly among liberal intellectuals in whose veins Jacobinical blood flows, the *Washington Post* has the time to protest minor injustices.

Last Friday the *Washington Post* was inveighing away against Nixon and his court, but ran also an editorial in defense of the acquittal of the so-called Camden 28. The situation there, briefly stated, was that a jury, prodded by the judge, refused to convict a couple of dozen citizens who had come together to burn draft records. What happened was that someone had got hold of the plot to burglarize the Selective Service office, and reported to the FBI. The FBI urged the informer to infiltrate the group and egg it along. He did so—so successfully as to overcome the protestors' misgivings about the practicality of the project. In due course they broke in, destroyed the records, were apprehended—and then tried. It is the point of the *Washington Post* that having been encouraged to commit the crime by the government itself, i.e., the FBI, the defendants should indeed have been let off.

"There is something corrupt," the *Post*'s editorial intones, "about the government actually encouraging a criminal conspiracy—in the name of law enforcement, and for the sake of some national-security interest as it may be defined by those in authority at the time. The judge faced this squarely in his charge to the jury when he said, 'If you find that the over-reaching participation by government agents . . . in the activities as you have heard them were so fundamentally unfair as to be an offense to the basic standards of decency and shocking to the universal sense of justice, then you may acquit any of the defendants to whom this defense applies.' "

"This," the *Post* concludes, "is not simply good law, it is also good sense."

In my judgment, a plausible point.

One wonders then: Why doesn't the *Washington Post* importune Judge Sirica to acquit the Watergate felons? These were men who were asked by government officials far more exalted than FBI agents to commit their burglary. And they were asked to do it in the name of the national security. What is missing in the analogy? Why doesn't Judge Sirica summon the defendants and tell them: You were wrong and stupid to do what you did, but the jury did not know at the time you were sentenced that you were asked to do what you did by government officials in what they termed the higher interest. Accordingly, I rule that you were convicted of insufficient evidence, and set aside the verdict. Herblock could be got to illustrate the point. □

ITALIAN PRESSURES IN NEW YORK

New York, May 30—The story may not have reached all the corners of all the fifty states of the Union, but it is nonetheless interesting and has a bearing everywhere. It is the story of the relationship between Mario Biaggi and the Conservative Party of New York State. Mr. Biaggi, a congressman and former policeman, is running for mayor of New York. He is a Democrat, running in the Democratic primary on June 4. And last spring he contrived the endorsement of the Conservative Party.

But at the time he got that endorsement, there were rumors floating about that Mr. Biaggi, when questioned by a grand jury a while ago, declined to answer certain questions. The Chairman of the Conservative Party, Mr. Daniel Mahoney, had a breakfast meeting with Mr. Biaggi and asked him point-blank whether the rumors were true. Mr. Biaggi answered point-blank that they were not true. Mr. Mahoney is an experienced gentleman and wrote a long-hand letter to Mr. Biaggi later that day recapitulating what Mr. Biaggi had said. The Conservative Party then proceeded to nominate Mr. Biaggi.

As the weeks went by the rumors about Biaggi's behavior before the grand jury were carried by two New York newspapers, and the heat was on. Over the course of a fortnight Biaggi heatedly and publicly denied that he had refused to answer any questions before the grand jury. Then he temporized, and said that he had not declined to answer any questions relating to personal fi-

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nances. Then he said: Look, I invite a blue-ribbon panel of judges to look at the minutes of the grand-jury proceedings and give a digest of my responses. At this point the United States Attorney said that Biaggi was attempting to manipulate the courts, and ordered the full text released, disguising only proper names. The courts in due course sustained the U.S. Attorney's office and one black day last week it transpired that Congressman Mario Biaggi had indeed taken the Fifth—several times.

At this point Chairman Mahoney, assuming that he would be speaking for the entire Party, sought to divest Mr. Biaggi of his Party's nomination. The grounds were two, one more obvious than the second. The first was that Mr. Biaggi had quite blatantly lied first to the leaders of the Conservative Party, then to the people of New York City. People who lie about particulars ("I *never took the Fifth*") do not participate in the immunities that cover people who lie in generalities ("I will reduce city spending"), and should not run for exalted political office. And secondly, conservatives are pretty much devoted to the proposition that to take the Fifth Amendment gives legitimate rise to negative inferences.

But Mr. Mahoney ran into solid opposition from the county leaders. The majority of them refused to endorse any move to deprive Mr. Biaggi of the nomination.

Why?

Really, there isn't a reason that harmonizes with the principles the Conservative Party was founded to serve. I fear very much that I know the principal reason for their attitude, and it is the reluctance to repudiate Mr. Biaggi because he has a conspicuously Italian name.

A FEW years ago Italians in New York particularly were urged to cultivate a racial self-consciousness, to which end an Italian Anti-Defamation League was formed which, over a brief period of time, made a special nuisance of itself and even persuaded some publishers and producers to decline to use the terms Mafia or Mafioso, which terms were rejected as invidiously anti-Italian. Altogether natural sentiments of national pride and a resentment against ethnic discrimination developed in some Italians the kind of self-consciousness that makes some Jews and some Irishmen insufferable. Why any Italian-American, who has running in his veins the blood of Caesar, Machiavelli, Dante, and Michelangelo, needs, in order to acquire ethnic assurance, the mayoralty of New York City no one could begin to hope to explain. But I warrant that if Mr. Biaggi's name had been Sloan, or Kettering, he'd have been bounced as unceremoniously as Mr. Biaggi should have been bounced.

Ironically, there is another Italian-American running for mayor, and he is uncontested on the Republican ticket. It is a further irony that four years ago the same man beat Lindsay in the Republican primary, and had Conservative Party backing. His name is John Marchi. He is a conservative, a legislator of long experience, a man of great integrity who, I for one hope, will be the next mayor of New York. □

IMMUNITY FOR EVERYONE?

New York, June 8 —We get bulletins almost every day now on the bargaining between John Dean and the Justice Department. Yesterday—or was it the day before?—Dean was mulling over the latest offer, which was that he might plead guilty to a single count of conspiring to obstruct justice, in return for immunity from all other charges. Yesterday, the communiqué was to the effect that Dean was insisting on total immunity from prosecution, that this was his non-negotiable demand. Mr. Archibald Cox, the special prosecutor, is presumably thinking about it. On what basis, one wonders, will he decide?

Will it be on the basis of the gravity of Dean's information against his sometime superiors? Does Cox know exactly what it is that Dean is in a position to testify to? Is Cox afraid that, having won immunity, Dean might doublecross him? Is he prepared for such testimony as: *Question*: "Well, Mr. Dean, now that you have immunity from prosecution, will you tell us which of your superiors was involved in Watergate, *pre partu*, *in partu*, or *post partum*?" *Answer* (rising from his chair): "As a matter of fact none of them was. So long now, Archie."

Now the law says that we are all sinners, but the law also says that the prosecutor has maximum flexibility in the matter of deciding whom to grant immunity to. The prosecutor is inevitably influenced by the smell of big game. And Mr. Archibald Cox is undoubtedly influenced not only by the normal prosecutor's appetite for trophy-collection, but by a deeply rooted antagonism to Richard Nixon and all his works, an antagonism which was watered during the years he served the Kennedy Administration. Indeed Mr. Cox has just now appointed to his prosecutorial task force Mr. James Vorenberg, a professor of criminal law at Harvard but, for these purposes, more relevantly described as a lawyer who was so inflamed against Nixon during 1972 that the question was raised whether he was incapacitated to perform certain professional duties which were inconsistent with high, public partisanship.

How will these gentlemen work out these questions? What criteria will they consult? How many Barkers are worth one Magruder? How many Magruders are worth one Dean? How many Deans are worth one Mitchell? How many Mitchells are worth one Nixon? If everyone at level D is granted immunity in return for testimony against everyone at level C, which is granted immunity in turn for testimony against everyone at level B, granted immunity in turn for testimony against Mr. Big —do you have justice? The suggestion that the Justice Department might grant immunity from jail, but not immunity from prosecution and conviction, is perhaps enough to satisfy the Barkers, who want only to return to their little occupations and dream of the deposition of Castro. But there are lawyers all over the lot. Liddy, Dean, Kalmbach, Ehrlichman, Mitchell. And these men cannot sustain a conviction without losing their licenses to practice the law. They must hold out for total immunity.

AND HOW carefully is the prosecution in a position to weigh the temptation to gain immunity by inflating the case against the superior? Particularly when the objective—Richard Nixon—is presumably reached only by testimony, accurate or suborned by psychic pressure, to conversations had with him?

Is it a legitimate factor for the prosecutor to weigh that the strategic demands of justice are best served by stopping the top man, never mind the underlings? Do they say to each other, in their inner counsels, that it is far better that twenty guilty underlings get off, than that one guilty superior get off? The President of the United States is so big a catch one can understand the temptation to let even such prizes as a former Attorney General and a former White House chief of staff get off, in anticipation of the larger bounty. But is this impartial justice? Particularly in a republic?—which begins its inquiry into presidential activity on the proposition that all men are equal before the law, but may now find itself ending its inquiry on the proposition that the law cares only to catch the king?

One wishes that Mr. Cox and the Lords Spiritual of the legal profession would enlighten us on these matters. Or has the public, in questions so delicate, a right to know? □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A moneylender — 25 66 76 173 143 3 91

B. City north of Des Moines — 27 101 184 189 128 212

C. Fischer's opponent, Mar del Plata, Argentina, 1959 — 41 157 149 23 80 107 113 192

D. Embarrassed — 62 16 144 82 4 169 30 50

E. Joe DiMaggio — 86 1 5 119 125 139 156 174 200 194 / 64 151 163

F. One who analyzes methods, procedures, and jobs in order to improve performance — 114 26 28 35 126 137 161 176 210 197 / 11 67 94 97 110 166 180 75

G. Led a passive existence without exertion of body or mind — 34 54 102 68 150 8 42 132 140

H. Where live fish are exhibited — 49 130 136 77 12 146 51 18

I. To guide or direct a horse by certain pressures — 69 14 118 47 55 58 89 36

J. U. S. chess champion, 1890-1892 — 105 32 142 57 170 90 121 43 152

K. World chess champion, 1858-1862 — 145 109 31 171 127 206

L. Bobby Fischer knows more about chess than this — 155 141 106 135 83 61 124 153 185

M. U. S. chess champion, 1909-1936 — 181 172 133 9 122 71 85 45

N. Fischer's opponent, Zurich, 1959 — 191 208 175 72 78 19 111 147

O. Capturing again — 13 24 29 33 60 92 98 2

P. To adjust the club preparatory to hitting a golf ball — 196 15 193 179 48 38 120

Q. Fischer's opponent, U. S. championship, 1963-1964 — 87 148 207 190 131 108 134 183

R. Conformable to the statutes — 116 178 96 52 88 203

S. The fourth river, according to *Genesis* — 123 209 65 20 138 40 10 198 168

T. A loud burst of laughter — 162 158 53 112 182 204

U. Something extra — 167 160 6 17 44 56 70 73 81 95 / 165 187 21 104 115

V. Soviet Union player whom Fischer has faced several times — 7 46 211 188 202 100 195 39 59 84

W. Attracting special attention — 74 22 103 154 164 79 129 177

X. Unscramble PANDORA'S N. G. — 201 93 117 159 186 199 205 37 63 99

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 700 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

■	1 E	■	2 O	3 A	4 D	5 E	6 U	7 V	8 G	9 M	10 S	11 F	12 H	■	13 O	14 I	15 P
16 D	17 U	18 H	19 N	■	20 S	21 U	22 W	23 C	24 O	25 A	26 F	■	27 B	28 F	29 O	30 D	31 K
■	32 J	33 O	34 G	35 F	36 I	37 X	■	38 P	39 V	40 S	41 C	42 G	43 J	44 U	■	45 M	46 V
47 I	48 P	■	49 H	■	50 D	51 H	52 R	53 T	54 G	55 I	■	56 U	■	57 J	58 I	59 V	60 O
61 L	62 D	■	63 X	64 E	65 S	66 A	67 F	68 G	69 I	70 U	■	71 M	72 N	73 U	74 W	75 F	■
76 A	77 H	78 N	79 W	80 C	81 U	82 D	83 L	84 V	85 M	86 E	■	87 Q	88 R	89 I	90 J	91 A	92 O
93 X	94 F	■	95 U	■	96 R	97 F	98 O	99 X	100V	101B	102G	■	103W	104U	105J	106L	107C
108O	109K	110F	■	111N	112T	113C	114F	115U	■	116R	117X	118I	119E	120P	■	121J	122M
123S	■	124L	125E	126F	127K	128B	129W	130H	131Q	132G	■	133M	134Q	135L	136H	137F	138S
139E	140G	■	141L	142J	■	143A	144D	145K	146H	147N	148Q	149C	150G	151E	152J	■	153L
154W	155L	■	156E	157C	158T	159X	■	160U	161F	■	162T	163E	164W	165U	166F	■	167U
168S	■	169D	170J	171K	172M	173A	174E	175N	176F	177W	178R	■	179P	180F	181M	182T	183Q
184B	185L	186X	■	187U	188V	189B	■	190Q	191N	192C	193P	■	194E	195V	196P	197F	198S
199X	■	200E	201X	■	202V	203R	204T	205X	206K	207Q	■	208N	209S	210F	211V	212B	■

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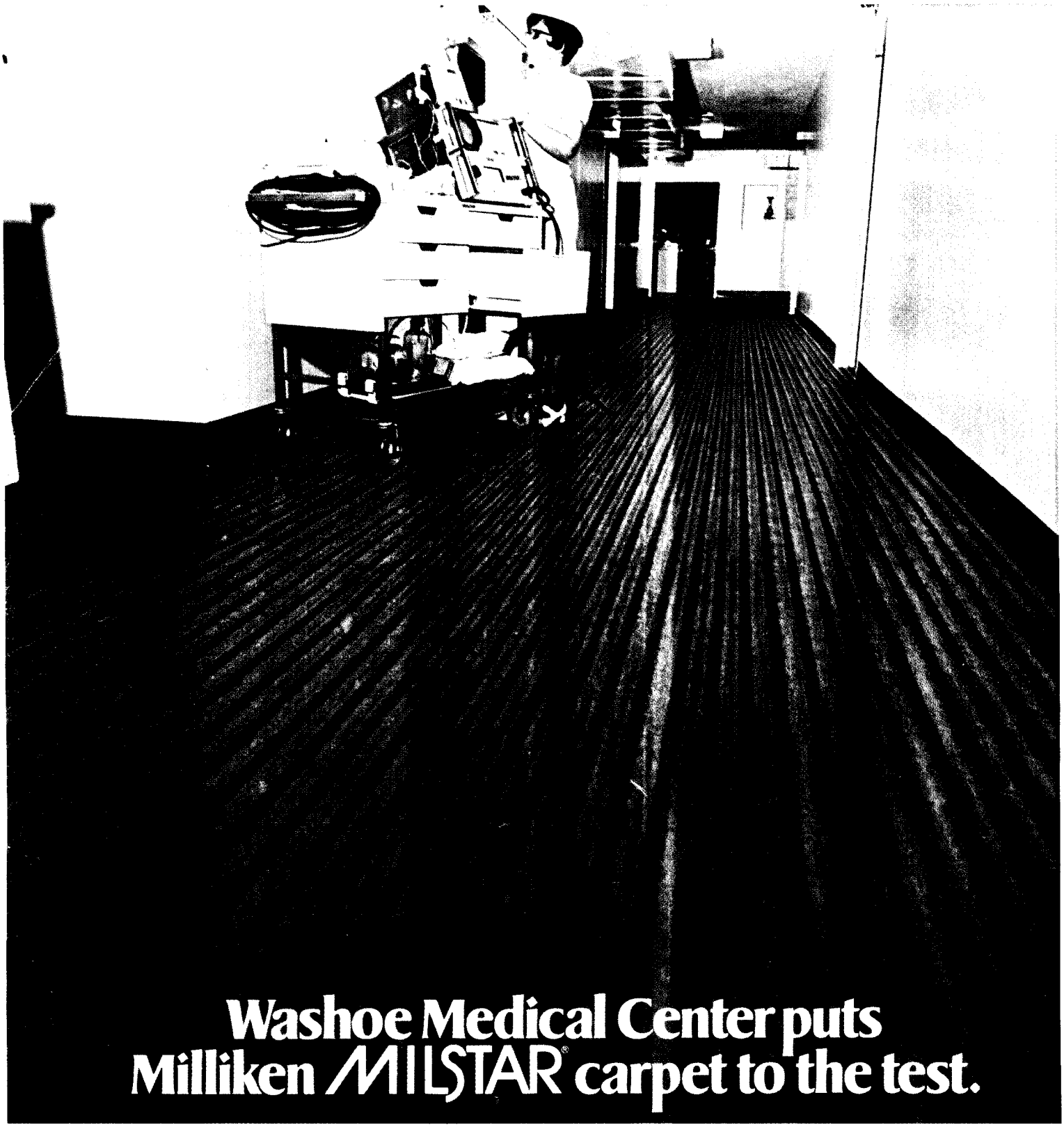

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